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PARTED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Amid the fleecy, western clouds
The crescent moon hangs low,
The wild wind sweeps among the pines
As in the long ago—
That long ago when hand to hand,
We tried farewell to say,
While your heart ached that you must go,
And mine that I must stay.

You said, and while you spoke, the word
Lent even grief a charm,
That deep within your heart you bore
A talisman from harm.
And what were time and space, you asked,
To such strong love as ours,
Though your path lay through Arctic snows,
And mine 'mid Summer flowers?

We parted; down the shaded walk
I watched your form retreat,
While answering sadly every step,
I felt each strong heart-beat.
The years dragged on: it matters not
How wearily and slow;
We stand upon the latticed porch,
As in the long ago.

We stand upon the latticed porch,
And by the glimmering shine
Of moonbeams struggling through the leaves,
You bend your eyes on mine.
From the world warfare which you waged,
Your brow has borne the palm;
Your face has grown full cold and stern,
Your voice is strangely calm.

So be it: mine has faltered not
Through many a wretched day;
It is not hard for breaking hearts,
This trick of seeming gay.
And I have talked, with merry laugh
And jest for "*auld lang syne*,"
While Marah's bitter waters surged
My desecrated shrine.

I envy you the easy grace
With which you can forget;
Mine is a woman's heart—alas,
Would we had never met!
Mine is a woman's heart, and mine
A woman's hapless fate—
To lavish love, and find her life
All bankrupt, when too late.

July, 1860.

THE SECRET MEETING.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY.—THE CHAPEL RUINS.

In a somewhat wild part of the coast of England, at least a hundred and fifty miles distant from the metropolis, is situated a small town or village called Daneshold. The land on either side it rises above and overlooks the sea, higher in some spots than in others, and the descent of the rocks is in places perpendicular. There are parts, however, where they slope so gradually that a sure foot may descend easily, and in these the hard nature of the rock appears to have softened with time, for grass grows upon the sides, and even wild flowers. In ancient times it was a settlement of the Danes, and there is no doubt that the name, now corrupted into Daneshold, was formerly written Danes' Hold. Outside the village, towards the east, a colony of straggling huts and cottages is built, not close to the edge of the heights, but some little distance from them; beyond, may be seen some scattered mansions; and again, beyond these, rise the stately walls of Dane Castle, the castle and the village being about a mile apart. The castle is a long but not high building, its red bricks dark with age: a turret rises at either end, and a high, square turret ascends over the gateway in the middle, from which latter turret a flag may be seen waving, whenever the castle's chief, Lord Dane, is sojourning at it.

The castle faces the sea, being about a quarter of a mile distant from it, and the grass land stretches out smooth and broad and flat between it and the edge of the heights. The high road from the village winds up past the castle gates, and behind it is an inclosed garden. A little further on, and almost close to the brow of the heights are the ruins of what was the chapel in the days of the monks: its walls stand yet, and its casements, from which the glass has long since gone, are sheltered round with the clustering ivy; traces of its altar, and of its once inscribed gravestones may still be seen inside, but no roof is there, and it is open alike to the calm sky or the stormy one. A picturesque sight does that old ruin present to the eye in the slanting beams of the setting sun, or in the pale, weird beauty of a moonlight night.

On the other side of the winding road, opposite the castle, might be seen all the signs of husbandry, ploughed fields, grass lands; with here and there a farm house, surrounded by its substantial ricks and barns. And one sunshiny day in spring, perched upon a gate leading into a clover field, and doing something to a fishing rod, was a young man in the careless attire favored by country gentlemen. He looked about eight-and-twenty, was tall and slender; his features were thin and sharp and his eyes dark, but they had not a very open expression. His velveteen sporting coat was thrown back from his shoulders, for the day was really warm. Hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes and saw approaching, from the direction of the village, a middle-aged man, who wore the dress of a gentleman sailor. The latter lifted his glazed hat from his head as he neared the gate, but whether in courtesy, or whether merely to wipe his brow, which he proceeded to do, was uncertain.

"Is that Dane Castle?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"I thought it must be," was the comment of the sailor, spoken in an under tone. "Perhaps you have no objection to tell me a little of the present history of its inmates," he continued: "I made acquaintance with one of the sons abroad."

"With all the pleasure in life," carelessly replied the young gentleman, still intent upon his fishing-rod. "The family are at the castle now, Lord and Lady Dane, and one of the sons. Lord Dane more helpless than ever."

"Lord Dane helpless!"

"He fell from his horse last autumn, hunting, and the spine was injured. Paralysis of the spine, I believe they call it. The effect is, that the entire use of his lower limbs has left him, and he is nearly as helpless as a baby."

The sailor looked at him.

"No power in his legs, I suppose?"

"None. Lady Dane retains power in hers, though, and in her tongue, too," said the young gentleman, breaking into a whistle. "She rules the roast, now the Baron's laid by."

"Which of the sons is at home?"

"The younger one, the captain. The heir is in Paris. He is a fast man, and a Parisian life suits him."

"There was a young lady at the castle. I forget her name—"

"Adelaide Errol. A wild, Scotch girl. I daresay you may have heard, for that is what she is styled here by the gossips."

"I have heard her called an Angel," returned the sailor, with an imperturbable countenance, "nothing less laudatory."

The other lifted his eyes from his fishing rod, and fixed them on his face.

"Then, if you have heard that, I'll wager it was from no other than Harry Dane."

"From William Dane."

"William Henry; it's all one; we dub him Harry, here. The old peer is fond of the name of Harry, and rarely called his son anything else. Geoffry is the name of the eldest."

"I know. Is William to marry Adelaide Errol?"

The young gentleman raised his eyebrows.

"People profess to say so. The captain, gallant son of Mars though he is, has singed his wings in the brightness of her fascinations. He—"

"I wish you'd talk plain English, sir," testily interrupted the stranger.

The other accorded him a prolonged stare.

"Why, what else am I talking? Dutch?"

"Rhapsody—and I don't understand it. Is Captain Dane to marry the young lady, or is he not?"

"What a very unreasonable person you seem to be!" was the equable rejoinder. "Don't I tell you that it is said he will? He is *fou* after her—if you understand the French term in all its force; worships the very ground she treads on. If that's not English, I dont't know what is."

"And she?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"There's no answering for women. Perhaps she returns his love; perhaps she does not. My lady impresses upon her the fact that the Honorable William Henry Dane is no bad match for a portionless damsel."

"Captain Dane is rich."

"I wish I was a tithe as rich. Some arrangement exists in the Dane family, by which the younger sons step into their fortune when they become of age, and the captain took possession of his; fifty thousand pounds."

"A large portion," remarked the sailor.

"It's not to be sneezed at. But he comprised all the younger children in himself, remember; sons and daughters too. Had there been ten, the fifty thousand would have been divided among them. His uncle, William Henry, whom he was named after, left him his fortune also, for he had never married; and that was at least fifty thousand more. It is thought, too, that the gallant captain saves, does not live half up to his income. Of course, now that he is in England, visiting at home, he does not want to spend—"

"How long has he been at home? It is two years since he quitted the States."

"Ay, but he went travelling, we hear; he is a close man upon his own movements. He appeared at home about six months ago, saying he was come for a few days; but the few days have lengthened into months."

"Why did he remain?"

The younger man laughed.

"Ask Adelaide Errol."

"He and his elder brother are at variance."

"And always will be. There's bitter blood between them. But for this mad passion for Adelaide, he was about to re-purchase into the army; I can't think, for my part, why he ever sold out."

"Why do you term it a mad passion?"

The young man took out his penknife, and scraped a spot off the fishing-rod before he answered.

"Random figures of speech slip from us at times; they convey no meaning. And now, Mr. Sailor, I must wish you good-morning."

"I thank you for your courtesy in answering my questions," said the sailor.

"I have answered nothing that you might not hear from any man, woman, or child in the dominions of Lord Dane," was the reply. "The politics of the family are patent to all."

He moved away as he spoke, with that indolent, gentlemanly langor, somewhat common to Englishmen of the upper classes; sauntering towards a group who had appeared in sight and were approaching the castle.

An invalid chair, in which reclined a fine-looking old man, whose gray hairs were fast turning to white. It was pushed behind by a man servant in livery, white and purple, and a tall and stout old lady walked by the side. Behind, came a man of noble features, who might be approaching his fortieth year, upright and stately, and far above the middle height; and a fair girl of nineteen, with large, blue eyes, and auburn hair, smiling and lovely, was chatting to the latter. The sailor recognized the livery as that of the Dane family, and at once divined that he saw Lord and Lady Dane; Captain Dane he recognized; and the young lady talking to him, must be Adelaide Errol.

The party were not on the highway: they were on the greensward, and passed him at some little distance. Lord and Lady Dane both seemed to look at him, but Captain Dane never turned his head from the fair vision at his side. The young man with the fishing-rod joined the group, and fell into line on the other side of the Baron's chair. And just at that moment, another person came in view, a short, thickset man, dressed in black: he looked like what he was, an upper servant in plain clothes. He was walking in the road, and appeared to hang back, as if he did not care to overtake his superiors. The sailor—as we have been calling him all along, though he was not one, in spite of his dress—accosted him.

"Can you tell me who that gentleman is?" he asked, indicating the young man with the fishing rod, who had just quitted him.

"It is Mr. Herbert Dane."

"Not a son of Lord Dane?" cried the other quickly.

The man threw back his head, as if the question rather hurt his consequence.

"Oh, dear no: he is nothing but a relation. *That* is Lord Dane's son, the Honorable Captain Dane."

He was moving on after speaking, but the sailor once more arrested him.

"Ravensbird, I think you have forgotten me."

The man turned and stared, and then respectfully touched his hat.

"Indeed, sir, I beg your pardon, but I don't think I looked at you: I took you for a sailor: we often see strange sailors about here. Col. Moncton, I believe, sir."

"The same. Will you inform your master that I am here? Stay—Ravensbird—don't tell him who: say a gentleman craves speech of him."

The servant touched his hat once more and hastened forward, overtaking the family just before they reached the castle gates.

"If you please, sir," he said, addressing Captain Dane, whose personal attendant he was, "a gentleman wishes to speak to you."

Captain Dane looked casually round, and saw no one.

"Who does? Some one in the castle?"

"No, sir," slightly pointing to the gate where Colonel Moncton stood. "That gentleman: he bade me follow you and say so."

"Excuse me an instant, Adelaide," said the captain, as he turned in the direction.

She threw her bright, laughing gaze after him, and then bent it on the servant.

"Who is it, Ravensbird?"

"A stranger, my lady."

The two friends met, Colonel Moncton and captain Dane, and their hands were clasped instantly. Colonel Moncton was an American, and it was in the States they had first made each other's acquaintance, which had gone on to intimacy. They had been a great deal together, and corresponded yet: it was in this correspondence Colonel Moncton had heard of Adelaide Errol. Both had served in the army, but were free men now, and wealthy.

"Where in the world did you spring from?" uttered Captain Dane. "Have you taken a tour through the bowels of the earth, and turned up on this side?"

Colonel Moncton laughed.

"I invested some funds in a yacht, and must needs try her. We came over to England, have been cruising about the coast, and put in here this morning for a day's sojourn."

"A day! nonsense! The castle won't let you off under a week—"

"The castle is not going to be pestered with me," was the interruption of Colonel Moncton, in a graver tone. "I have received news from home that compels me to go back without loss of time. Pardon the seeming discourtesy, Dane; I cannot spare time for the castle; but, as I was here, I would not leave without trying to see you."

"You did not put in on purpose, then?"

"The yacht's master put in for some purpose of his own. You will come down on board with me."

"I heard an hour ago there was a smart, clipper-built yacht in the bay, sporting the stars and the stripes; but I never thought of you. I'll come down with you now, and have a look at her. I had a passion for yatching once."

"Talking about the stars and the stripes, what is that great flag for, may I ask, surging over the castle?" demanded Colonel Moncton.

"Oh, that's nothing but one of the old Dane customs," laughed Captain Dane. "When my father is at home, that flag waves there: in his absence, it does not show."

"One more question, Dane. Who was that bright-looking girl you were walking with but now?"

The color actually flushed into the face of Captain Dane, as brightly as to any school-girl's. His love was powerful within him.

"The Lady Adelaide."

"I thought so. And when are you to take possession of her?—as we say of other things."

Captain Dane shook his head with a smile.

"It is impossible to say. She is a capricious little beauty, and plays fast and loose. Sometime before the year is out, I suppose."

"And when are we to see you over in the new country again? Never?"

Captain Dane turned his face in surprise on the questioner.

"Can you doubt it? I shall come, and bring my wife with me; she says she should like the trip. But I shall not take up my residence there again; I must make arrangements for having—"

At that moment Mr. Herbert Dane overtook them, his fishing-rod still in his hand. He joined them, *speaking a few idle sentences*; but Captain Dane did not appear to encourage him, and made no advance to introduce him to his friend. So Herbert Dane walked on.

"That is a relative of yours," observed Colonel Moncton, when he was out of hearing.

"A cousin. His father was the Honorable Herbert Dane, Lord Dane's brother. But the Honorable Herbert got out of his money, and has left his son nearly penniless. I don't think it is of much consequence in the long run, for Mr. Herbert has a talent for spending, and would have run through it, if his father had not. A mine of gold, more or less, would be nothing to him, could he have his fling at it."

"Does he live at the castle?"

"Certainly not. A small house came to him with what patrimony was left, and he occupies it. You may see it to the right, as we walk on, a low house covered with ivy. There he vegetates, leading an idle life—save for out-door sports. The worst thing his father ever did for him, was to bring him up without a profession. There was the army, and there was the church; either of them legitimate occupation for a man of family."

They walked on towards the town, beyond which was situated the small bay—so small that no craft larger than a yacht or a fishing boat could find shelter in it. She was a beautiful little thing, this American yacht, named the "Pearl," and was at the present moment the pride of Colonel Moncton's life. He was somewhat fond of fresh pastimes and fresh favorites, which reigned pre-eminent while his fancy for them lasted.

Meanwhile Mr. Ravensbird had entered the castle, and sought a companionship he was rather fond of seeking—that of Lady Adelaide Errol's French maid, Sophie. He was a dark, stern-looking man, with a sallow complexion, but nevertheless he had an honest face, and there was a kindly expression in his black eyes. Nobody could deny that he was very ugly—but ugly men sometimes find great favor with women. The castle wondered what pretty Sophie could find to like in Mr. Ravensbird.

"There's your commission executed," said he, putting on the table a paper which contained a few yards of ribbon. "Will it do? Is it right?"

Sophie unfolded it, and held it up. She was a neat, trim damsel, with rather saucy features, quick gray eyes, and an exceedingly smart cap. Sophie stamped her foot petulantly.

"If ever I saw the like!" cried she, for she spoke English pretty fluently. "I ask you to go and buy for me four yards of blue ribbon, and you bring me purple! I have told you fifty times and fifty, that you have not the eye for colors."

Ravensbird laughed.

"I did my best. Won't it do?"

"It must do. I wait for it; I am in the hurry *for* it. But don't you go and be so stupid again. Who was that sailor gentleman you were talking to by the swing gate?"

"How did you see me?"

"I stand at the turret window in my lady's room; I was looking out for you and the ribbon. 'He is taking his time,' I said to myself. Who was it?"

"A friend of the captain's; a gentleman we used to know in America. What do you think he asked me? if that Herbert Dane were my lord's son."

"He did not know better," responded Sophie. "I wish he was my lord's son; things might go smoother."

"What things?" inquired Ravensbird, opening his eyes.

"Well, I should think that you and your master are the only two in this castle who can't see, who have got no sight for what's going on!" uttered Sophie, somewhat contemptuously. "You think my Lady Adelaide will marry your master; he thinks so.—Bah!"

"What is up now?" inquired Ravensbird. "What do you mean?"

"There is nothing up that there has not been all along," imperturbably rejoined Sophie, "but you have not got any eyes, and he has not got any wits. My lady's a flirt, she's vain, and she just lives in admiration; but she has got one in the corner of her heart that is more to her than your master and all his gold—more to her than the whole world. And she had him there long before your master came home, and upset things by wanting her for himself!"

Exceedingly astonished looked Richard Ravensbird.

"I don't know what you are driving at, Sophie," he said. "If she has got her heart fixed on somebody else, and is palming off *false* smiles upon my master, she's a worthless jilt."

"We can't control our likings," returned Sophie; "and her heart was given, I say, before the captain ever came here. But Lady Dane began to suspect that there was more between them than there ought to be, considering he was poor; and my young lady got frightened lest they should be separated, and he, or she, sent away. So, when the captain came forward with his love and his grand offers, she made a show of accepting him, just to gain time; but, bless you, it was nothing but to blind my Lady Dane, and throw her off the scent. She'll never marry him; she loves the other too well."

"Sophie, tell me who you are speaking of? Squire Lester?"

"Bah! Squire Lester! She likes his gallant speeches and his flattery of her beauty, but what else cares she for Squire Lester? I speak of Herbert Dane. They are engaged in secret, and they love each other to folly."

Richard Ravensbird paused, and then, as past events crowded on his memory, bringing conviction of the truth of Sophie's words, he broke into a low prolonged whistle.

"If this does not explain much that was dark to me! Sophie, I have wondered to see them so often together in secret. I have seen them walking together on a moonlight night. But I never gave a thought to the true cause. I deemed her childish, wild, fond of laughter and of liberty."

"That is their hour of meeting. When my Lady Dane and Lady Adelaide leave the dinner table, my lord and the captain remain. Then my Lady Dane falls asleep in her chair, and she steals out in her gray cloak, and meets him; and they walk about for ten or twenty minutes, as long as she thinks she dares stay. Bah! my young lady need not flatter herself I have had *my* eyes shut."

"I have seen them go to the ruins."

Sophie nodded.

"It's their favorite walk. Once at the old chapel they can shield themselves from the curious, and pace about at leisure under cover of its walls."

"They are a couple of treacherous serpents!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird, in a heat.

Sophie laughed.

"You English say that all things are fair in love and war. One wise needle will exclaim 'Why does not that Mr. Herbert be off to the wars, or to travel, or to amuse himself, as other young men of quality do?' And another says 'What does he stop, moping at Daneshold for? why not he go elsewhere and try for a place under government, or do something to amend his fortunes?' And I have smiled to myself to hear them, and wondered they did not look at Lady Adelaide, and see the cause."

"Sophie, it is treacherous, *treacherous* towards Captain Dane!" exclaimed Ravensbird in excitement. "He is honorable and unsuspicious; and those are the natures that get played upon! He ought to be told: he ought to be enlightened: if nobody else does it, I will."

"My friend," said she, gently, "you just take my advice, for it's good: *don't you interfere*. Folks that tell unpalatable truths never get thanked. Let them battle it out for themselves; let things take their course. Captain Dane cannot remain blind long; something or other, rely upon it, will turn up to open his eyes, and then Lady Adelaide must answer for herself, and choose between them. But don't you go and break your head against a wall."

The man servant was silent. He sat stroking his chin, a habit of his when in deep thought.

"Sophie," he presently said, "are you sure you are not mistaken? It does seem incredible that a high-born lady should behave so."

Sophie tossed her head and laughed at his simplicity.

"As if there were any difference between high-born and low-born in such matters as these! My Lady Adelaide's a deal less prudent than many a poor girl who has to work for her bread. She means no harm," added Sophie emphatically; "she's not the one to run into real harm, but she is as flighty a young Scotch girl as ever ran wild on the heather: her spirits are high, and she's thoughtless and young."

"How came she to be living here?" resumed Mr. Ravensbird.

"How came she? why don't you know?" returned Sophie, in her quick, impetuous way. "Her mother, the Countess of Kirkdale, was Lady Dane's sister. She was a widow, and when she died, Lady Adelaide came here for a home. She has no other: her brother, the young earl, a wild harum scarum chap, stops on the continent; he is here, he is there, he is everywhere. Ah! it was a sad position: there she was left, motherless and homeless, with barely enough income to supply herself with decent clothes. But for Lady Dane, I don't know what she would have done. She was seventeen then, and I came here with her: I had been maid to the countess."

"I thought those well-born young ladies always had some fortune."

"*She* hadn't. When her father and mother married he was a younger son—as you call it in England, and there were no settlements made: for a very good reason; because there was nothing to settle. He became the earl afterwards, but he was the poorest man in the Scottish peerage."

"So they are all three cousins!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird.

"Who? what three?" returned Sophie.

"Lady Adelaide and my master, and Herbert Dane."

"Lady Adelaide and your master are; but you can't call her cousin to Mr. Herbert. They are—what's your word for it?—connections; nothing more."

Richard Ravensbird made no reply. He was boiling over with indignation at the duplicity practised on his master, to whom he was much attached. He was a man cool and phlegmatic in general manner, but capable of being aroused to gusts of fierce passion—and in that respect he and Captain Dane were alike.

"If you don't believe me," cried Sophie, fancying he was still incredulous, "go and hide yourself in the ruins to night, and watch them."

CHAPTER II.

THE QUARREL. THE LADY'S SHRIEKS.

Whether in compliance with the suggestion of the French maid, or whether in the gratification of his own curiosity, certain it is that Richard Ravensbird did determine that night to watch the ruins.

His master was dining on board the yacht, and Squire Lester made the fourth at the dinner table. Lord Dane could sit at table and enjoy his dinner as much as any one. To see him seated there, with the full use of his hands and arms and mouth and speech, no stranger would have suspected that he was held upright through mechanical support, or that his legs, covered up under the table, were powerless. He retained all his mental faculties; and he had ever been a man of brilliant intellect.

Richard Ravensbird had no service to render in the dining-room, and when once he had assisted his master to dress for dinner, his evenings were mostly at his own command, to spend as he liked; this evening his movements were entirely unfettered.

The time seemed to drag on with weary wings; he was impatient, and just before the hour, when he expected the ladies would be quitting the dinner-table, he put on his hat and went out. He stood for some moments outside the gates and waited, gazing at the scene. Before him stretched the green table land, the sea beyond it; standing, however, where he did, he could not see much of the sea. He was too low; on the right were the scattered villas, and the lights of Daneshold beyond them, and on the left the most conspicuous point in the view was the old ruin. It was a fine, calm, moonlight night, and there was something ghostly and wierd looking in the ivied walls and glassless windows, as the moon shone on them. He stepped softly over the grass to the left in a slanting direction, and soon came to the ruins.

He went inside the door and looked about him—or rather in at the aperture where a door once had been. Grass was growing in places; an ancient gravestone or two, cold and grey, covered the remains of those who had for centuries been dust of the dust; and, at one end, part of the marble flooring was left still.—Traces of niches and nooks, and of little chapels or altars, after the manner peculiar to the Roman Catholic places of worship, might be seen: altogether, these old chapel ruins would afford pleasure to the antiquary, and to those minds given to speculative romance.

Richard Ravensbird, however, had nothing of the antiquary about him, or of romance either; few men less; he was constituted of hard, practical reality. He looked keenly around in the nooks and corners, satisfied himself with pretty good certainty that no interlopers were lurking there, and then he crossed the open building and emerged by the opposite door, which brought him out on the heights, within a few yards of their brow. He walked over those few yards, and stood looking down at the sea underneath; he was not so much above it there as he would have been in some other parts, for the chapel lay rather in a dell. Close under the rocks was a narrow strip of beach, extending for some miles on either side; when the tide was at its height, for about two hours this beach would be covered with the water, but at other times the preventive men paced it, for tales were told, and believed, of smugglers' work being done there.

These preventive men had each his marked beat, extending about a mile in length; and their pacings were so timed (or ought to be) that they met at the given boundary at a certain moment, exchanged the signal "All Right," and then turned away again. Scandal mongers said that they sometimes lingered in each other's company at these meeting points longer than they ought to have done, took their seats under the friendly shelter of the rocks, produced pipes and a substantial black bottle from their pockets, and made themselves comfortable. The supervisor heard the rumor, and said they had better let *him* catch them at it.

A sad event had occurred the week before. The man on this particular beat, underneath the chapel, fell asleep, as was supposed, on his post, and the tide overwhelmed him, and carried him out to sea. The body was washed ashore the next day, and a subscription was now being raised for the widow and children, Lord Dane having headed it with £5.

As Ravensbird stood looking down, the preventive man on duty that night came slowly round the point where the rocks projected, shutting out the view beyond. Ravensbird called to him.

"Is it you, Mitchel?"

The man looked up. He could not distinguish who was speaking.

"Don't you know my voice, Mitchel?—Take care you don't go to sleep, as poor Biggs did."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ravensbird. No, sir, I'll take care of that. We think it's just about in this very spot as he must have sat down and yielded to drowsiness; if he did yield to it.—We have been talking pretty freely among ourselves since he died, a saying the nonsense it is to make us pace this strip of beach; why, in some places it's not a foot broad that we have to wind round; and some of us think he's just as likely to have slipped off, and got drowned that way, as to have dropped asleep."

"If you can make the supervisors think it's nonsense, and take you off the duty, the smugglers will be obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir. We could be moved on to the heights up there, and keep quite as good a look-out. Better, I think; and there we should be out of danger."

"You must be very timorous men to fancy there's danger down there. A child might keep himself from it."

"Being on the watch constant, perhaps he might; but one gets off the watch sometimes."

"Thanks to what you take to warm you on a chilly night," laughed Ravensbird.

"No, indeed, sir, you are out there; we take nothing. And daredn't; it would be as much as our places were worth. But when a comrade gets drowned, all in a half hour, one can't tell for certain how or why, it puts us up to think that what has happened to him might happen to us. I say, sir, don't you lean over so far; it makes me twitter to see you. You might be took with giddiness."

"I am all right; my brain is strong, and my nerves are steady. I like looking down from heights."

"It's more than I do," returned the man. "And that would be a nasty fall. It might take life; and it would be sure to break limbs."

"I don't covet the fall. Good-night, if you are progressing onwards."

The preventive man passed on, and Richard Ravensbird turned round and walked to the chapel again. During his colloquy with the officer, he had kept a continual look-out in the direction of the castle, but had seen no signs of any approach. He took his station in the chapel, in one of its gray, dark corners, near to a window aperture; and scarcely had he looked again when he saw some one sauntering slowly towards it, whom he soon recognized to be Herbert Dane.

"Then Sophie is right!" he muttered.

Mr. Dane came up, whistling, leaned against the ivy that trailed round the doorway, and looked back the road he had come, whistling still. Ravensbird likewise continued to look, for he was sheltered from observation.

Presently, a light figure, swift of foot, and enveloped in a gray cloak, came running along. The hood was drawn over her head, and but for her voice the servant would not have known her for Lady Adelaide. Mr. Dane threw back the hood, clasped her in his arms, and laid her pretty face upon his shoulder. The indignant servant nearly groaned.

"My darling Adelaide!"

"I was quite determined to come to-night; and, see what a lovely night it is! But we were later than usual at the dinner-table."

"Is the gallant captain at home?"

"Not he. He is dining on board some yacht that is in the bay. Squire Lester is dining with us. Herbert, between all my admirers, I think I shall go deranged. I have pretty trouble to stave off attacks; the squire is growing demonstrative now."

She laughed merrily as she spoke, and Herbert Dane held her closer.

"The squire's nobody, Adelaide; he may be kept at arm's length, or summarily dismissed. The one *I* fear is nearer home."

"You need not fear," she impulsively answered. "I hate and despise him; he may be a man that men esteem and women admire; but because he has set his love on me, I hate him."

"He is the Honorable William Dane, and his purse is full," was the bitter answer. "No mean rival."

"Oh, Herbert, my dearest, why will you torment yourself? Don't I tell you—have I not repeatedly told you, that I only care for you, and that nothing, in the earth or above it, shall tear me from you? I will never marry but you. I am obliged to appear to tolerate him; I even give him gracious marks of favor to keep him in good humor, but you know why I do this. I dare not let my aunt suspect that I care for you; I am obliged to let her think I shall marry him. We should be separated for ever; for ever, Herbert."

"Things cannot go on long as they are going on now. He will insist upon an explanation with you. Stave it off as you will, it must come."

"Yes, I know it must come."

"And what then—when it does?"

"Oh, I don't know," she carelessly replied. "Let us throw worry to the winds, and leave the future to the future. Some one may have left you a fortune by that time, Herbert," she merrily added.

"Ah, that they would! that I might claim my darling Adelaide!"

"Why do you come so seldom now to the castle? I don't know when you have been there, before to day."

"Because I cannot contain myself," he answered with emotion; "or, I fear I cannot. When I see him paying you attentions as a matter of course, as though he made sure of you, my hands tingle to knock him down."

"I wish he was in that sea!" uttered Lady Adelaide.

Heedless words. Spoken not in wickedness, but in her careless impetuosity. Herbert Dane laughed, as if he would welcome the fact with all the pleasure in life. And Richard Ravensbird, from his hiding nook, threw up his hands menacingly towards Herbert Dane, as though they tingled to put *him* in it instead.

Mr. Dane and Lady Adelaide moved from the entrance, and began to pace slowly round and round the chapel, outside, conversing confidentially, she drawn close to his side. It was their general walk when they met there; keeping close to the dark ivied walls, their presence and movements could not be detected from a distance, should there be any night stragglers about. Richard Ravensbird caught a sentence now and then, sufficient to hear that their themes of conversation were their own mutual affection, their plans for the future, and mocking ridicule of the credulity of the Honorable Captain Dane. His blood bubbled up to boiling heat, as it had done in the interview with Sophie; but he had no resource but to force it down to calmness.

They lingered together for about a quarter of an hour, pacing round continually, and then Lady Adelaide, enveloping her head once more in the hood, flew back, alone, to the castle. Mr. Dane leaned against the ivy, and watched her to it, as he had watched her come. Prudence suggested that she should go alone. That the Lady Adelaide, giddy girl, should trip out in the moonlight within the precincts of the castle, might be thought nothing of, did any prying eye observe her; but for her to trip out with Mr. Herbert Dane would have set eyes speculating and tongues talking. Next, when she was fairly in, Mr. Herbert Dane sauntered away, and he was followed, after awhile, by Richard Ravensbird. The latter had decided on his line of conduct; for he was a man given to form plans with prompt decision, and to execute them firmly.

The following morning, Lady Dane, her son, and Adelaide met at breakfast; Lord Dane never rose so early. Adelaide was dressed in a flowing muslin robe, whose prevailing tint was peach color, while lace open sleeves shaded her wrists, matching her lace collar; her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were bright, and her auburn hair gleamed in the morning sun.

"You were home late last night, Harry, were you not?" Lady Dane observed to her son.

"Rather so," he replied. "It was past twelve, I think. Moncton and I got talking over old days, and the time slipped away."

"I suppose the yacht leaves this evening, or has left."

"Not until to-night. Her captain found out something wrong in her, some trifling damage to be repaired, which was the reason he put into the bay; and they could not get it completed yesterday, so they don't leave till evening."

Lady Adelaide looked up.

"Colonel Moncton will be here then to-day?"

"Very probably. He gave me a half promise last night that he would come for his introduction. I know you will like him, Adelaide. And he is looking forward to the future pleasure of welcoming you to his own home."

She tossed back her pretty head somewhat defiantly.

"I don't know about liking him. Many of your friends, whom you praise up to the skies, I don't like at all, Captain Dane."

"Captain Dane!" he echoed, and there was a pained irritation in his voice, reproachful tenderness in his glance.

"'Harry,' then," she good humoredly rejoined, for Lady Dane had turned her disapproving eye upon her, "if you are ashamed of the other name."

"Not ashamed of it, Adelaide: but I like a different one from you."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Adelaide, half laughing, half in petulance, as she threw herself back in her chair, "how crooked and contrary things do go in this world!"

"What goes crooked with you, Adelaide?" asked Lady Dane.

"Oh, I don't know, aunt. Plenty of things. Sophie was as cross as two sticks this morning: and my little canary is ill."

"Grave sources of discomfort," said Captain Dane, with a smile: "but scarcely sufficient to make you unhappy, Adelaide."

"Do you dine on board the yacht again to-night?" was all her rejoinder.

"I shall get Moncton to dine here if I can," was his reply, "should it not interfere with his sailing. But I expect they will be putting to sea about that time."

"At what hour does the tide serve?" asked Lady Dane.

"High tide at ten to-night. They'll be off by nine I daresay. Adelaide, would you like to go on board and inspect her? she is a beautiful little thing, and Moncton would be so pleased to welcome you."

She gently shook her head.

"No, thank you, Harry; I don't care for yachts. But I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of Colonel Moncton, should you bring him here."

As Captain Dane was quitting the room after breakfast, his servant accosted him.

"Could you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes, sir?"

"What about?" asked Captain Dane, feeling a sort of surprise.

"I wanted to say a few words upon a matter personal to yourself, sir."

"Very well. I am going to my room to write letters: you can come now."

They proceeded to the captain's apartment. Ravensbird held the door open for his master to enter, and then followed him in; and the door was closed upon them.

Lady Dane rang the bell for the servants to clear away the breakfast things; and it was done. She then reached her prayer book, and began reading to herself the morning psalms, as was her custom upon the conclusion of breakfast. Adelaide did not care to join in the exercise, and Lady Dane would not press it: she was wise enough to know that none can be forced into religion. It must come spontaneously, of their own conviction, their right feeling; and she hoped it would in time come to Adelaide. She sat in her easy-chair, near the fire: Adelaide stood behind her, looking from the window.

It was one of those warm, balmy, brilliant mornings that we sometimes get in early spring. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, the hedges were putting forth their green, and the spring flowers were opening. But not at any of these, pleasant objects though they were, gazed Lady Adelaide: genial sun, the calm sky, the shooting hedges, and the smiling flowers were as nothing to her: she did not cast a thought to the blue expanse of sea, stretched out in the distance, or to its stately vessels sailing along; she did not heed the cheerful villas near, or the busy laborers at work on the farm lands: no; her attention was fixed on something else.

Astride upon the very gate where you saw him yesterday, was Herbert Dane. He might often be seen there: was it so favored by him because it was in full view of the castle windows, and of a beautiful face which was wont to appear at them? He had discarded the fishing-rod of yesterday, but he held in his hand a silver-mounted riding whip, with which he kept switching, first his own boots, then the bars of the gate. Think you Adelaide Errol could see any other object, with *him* in view? As she appeared at the window, he raised his hat, though so far away: a stranger would have seen nothing in the act but the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman: Adelaide probably saw much, and imagined more.

How long she stood there, looking, she could not have told, for she was taking no heed of the time; ten minutes it may have been. And then she was abruptly startled, as in fact was the whole castle, by unusual sounds of anger and contention on the corridor above. Lady Dane started from her chair in alarm, and Adelaide sprang to the door and pulled it open.

Captain Dane and his servant, Ravensbird, were quarrelling—quarrelling as it appeared, for the voices of both were raised in fierce passion. Both seemed in violent anger, in uncontrollable excitement; the captain was red with fury, the servant was livid; and just as Lady Dane and Adelaide appeared, the captain pushed the man to the top of the stairs, and kicked him down them.

Ravensbird stumbled as he got to the foot, where stood the ladies. He took no notice of them, but he turned round, looked up defiantly at his master, and raised his clenched fist.

"Take care of yourself, Captain Dane," he hissed. "I shall never lose sight of this insult, until I have repaid it."

"*Good heavens, Henry!*" uttered Lady Dane [illegible] lower stairs, "what is this about? what has he done?"

"Never mind, mother; he won't trouble the peace of the castle a second time. I have dismissed him."

"But what had he done?"

"The wicked hound!" burst forth Captain Dane. "He would have traduced one who was dear to me."

Richard Ravensbird was already outside the gates of the castle, first ordering one of the wondering footmen to send his clothes and other property after him. As he passed Herbert Dane, who was still astride on the gate, the latter was struck with the ghastly, enraged look of his face.

"What's up, Ravensbird?" he hastily asked.

The man stopped, and answered, giving each word its full force.

"I have been kicked out of the castle, sir."

"Kicked out of the castle!" repeated Herbert, in astonishment. "By whom? Not by its lord," he added, with an attempt at a joke.

"I have been ignominiously kicked down stairs, in the sight of Lady Dane, and ordered out of the castle. He who did it was my master. But let him look to himself. There are some insults, sir, that can only be wiped out by revenge. This is one."

"And what on earth was it for? How had you offended him?" reiterated Herbert.

"I was endeavoring to do him good, to serve him; and my friendly words—friendly I meant them to be—were taken up in a wrong light. Let him take heed to himself, I say."

Ravensbird strode on, and Herbert Dane watched him, beginning again gently to switch the little whip, which, since Ravensbird's approach, had been still.

"A queer customer to offend, he looks just now," quoth he. "What a livid face of anger it was! I think Mr. Harry *had* better take heed to himself."

Nothing more came out, as to the cause of the squabble in the castle. Lord Dane, to whose ears the noise had penetrated, summoned his son, but the latter would enter into no details. Ravensbird had behaved infamously, and he had given him his merits, was all that could be got from Captain Dane.

Colonel Moncton came up in the course of the morning, and paid a short visit. He was introduced to Lord and Lady Dane and Adelaide, and then he and Captain Dane went out together. Adelaide watched them from the windows: they were strolling about arm-in-arm. She saw them go inside the ruins of the chapel, she saw them standing on the heights and looking down at the strip of beach and the sea underneath: it appeared that Captain Dane was pointing out the features of the locality to his friend. The Colonel had declined the invitation to dinner: they should be getting away, he said: but he asked Captain Dane to dine with him on board the Pearl instead, and the promise was given.

Somewhat, then, to the surprise of Lord and Lady Dane, when they assembled in the dining-room at seven o'clock, Captain Dane entered, and sat down with them.

"How is this, Harry?" inquired his father. "I thought we were not to have your company this evening. Is the Pearl gone?"

"I changed my mind about going, and have dispatched an apology to Moncton."

The answer was delivered in a short, cold tone, as if the speaker did not care to be questioned.

Lord Dane looked at his son keenly: he thought something had occurred to annoy him.

"You are letting that affair with Ravensbird vex you, Harry," said he.

"It has vexed me, very much indeed."

"Harry, you must take care of that man," observed Lady Adelaide. "I hear he vows vengeance against you."

Captain Dane smiled contemptuously.

"How do you know that, Adelaide?" asked Lord Dane. And the question—or the having to answer it—brought a pretty blush to her face.

"I met Herbert Dane when I was out this afternoon, and he said Ravensbird had passed him on his way from the castle, uttering threats of revenge," she replied. "Herbert said he would not care to have Ravensbird for an enemy: he thought he could be a powerful one."

A peculiar smile of anger, mixed with irony, flitted over Captain Dane's face.

"If I have no more formidable enemy than Ravensbird, I shall not hurt," he sarcastically uttered.

After that, he relapsed into silence, and when addressed, answered only in monosyllables. Nearly everything put before him he sent away untasted: there could be no doubt that he was smarting from some inward annoyance or vexation.

Lady Dane and Adelaide quitted the dining-room, leaving the two gentlemen together. The former hoped that Lord Dane would succeed in drawing from Harry what was amiss. Harry was her favorite son, and it pained her to see him like this. She took her easy chair, sat down in it before the fire; and, in thinking over matters, dropped into her usual after-dinner sleep.

Then came the turn of *Lady Adelaide*—the moment for her stealing out to the ruins: yet she was not sure that night of meeting Herbert, for he had told her in the day he did not think he should be able to visit them.—She loved him far too much, however, not to run the chance, and with quiet movements and stealthy tread, she glides down the staircase, seized the old gray cloak from its hanging nook, threw it on, stole out at a side door, and across the grass. Very quickly went she, for she was late: if Lady Dane had been one minute dropping off to sleep that night, she had been five-and-twenty.

Into a very comfortable sleep, however, had Lady Dane dropped. And longer she would have continued to enjoy it, but that she was abruptly aroused. A sound of shrieks from the direction of the ruins, broke suddenly forth on the still night air, so loud, so terrific that they disturbed even the sleeping Lady Dane. She rubbed her eyes, she listened, she raised her ear; and then she darted to the [illegible]

In the clear bright moonlight, might be discerned a form speeding towards the castle from the ruins; a gray form, enveloped in a cloak, or other shrouding garment, and uttering shriek upon shriek.

Lady Dane heard the servants, whose ears had likewise caught the ominous sounds, rushing to the great gates, and in her consternation she sped thither also. The warm flood of gas from the gateway lamp threw its light upon the entrance, and into that light, shrieking still, darted the gray form—that of Lady Adelaide Errol. She fell into violent hysterics as they caught her in their arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

☞ The lack of money is a weight upon the bosom; the possession of it a heaviness in the chest.

☞ It is said that parsons "help us to die;" but perhaps doctors do quite as much in that line.

☞ An old man makes love at a disadvantage. It must be a very amorous sort of wink that can captivate through a pair of spectacles.

☞ A couple of fellows carrying on an argument with rapiers, seem exceedingly intent upon proving their *points*.

☞ In the matter of plain speaking, we are, many of us, like the soldier, who in his first battle was afraid to fire off his musket lest he might hurt somebody.

☞ Zouave is derived from the Arabic *zouaoua*, signifying a confederacy of the Kabyle tribe who live in the mountains back of Algiers. It was first applied to a member of a corps of Arab soldiers in the service of the French, after the conquest of Algiers—now a member of a French corps, wearing the Arab dress. It is pronounced by Dr. Worcester as if written zou ave, *o* as in move, and *a* as in far. It is often pronounced, the latter syllable, with the sound of *a* as in fate, which is according to English analogy, while the former is the continental usage.

☞ During the last year, says the Lancet, the women of Great Britain have borne above 2 000 children a day, 796,190 in the year; but death struck down above 1,300 a day, 503,003 in the year—and reduced the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

☞ Russell, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town, "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words

"Hush! he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one,"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated, to the astonishment of everybody, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

☞ A clergyman observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark: "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied: "Perhaps, master, you do not work on *your knees*."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS. "G.," of Indianapolis, sends us the answer to the Scriptural Enigma in THE POST of July 21st, as follows: Rizpah, Elijah, Jeroboam, Oreb, Ishmael, Cyrenius, Elisha, Endor, Vashti, Elijah, Rebekah, Moses, Obil, Rehoboam, Elizabeth—"Rejoice Ever More." The same writer also asks, "What has become of Gahmew? his or her enigmas are the best." Miss M. J. Edmonds, of Lawrence, Mich., also sends the above answer.

We have answers to the Scriptural Enigma of July 14th, from "E. S. B., Maryland," "Belle M. Obert, of Quincy, Ill.," and "John Vasey, Lynnville, Ill." Evidently we have a good many readers who are in the habit of reading their Bibles.

J. S. C. Respectfully declined.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

Let none of our readers neglect to read this new novelet by the talented author of "The Earl's Daughters," and "Danesbury House." Its interest, as they may judge by the two opening chapters, is intense, while the characters are drawn with a vigor and freedom of touch characteristic of this powerful writer.

Of all the writers for the American newspaper press, Mrs. Wood, in our opinion, takes the lead—a fact which, we think, must soon be universally acknowledged. Her stories not only are full of power and interest, but their influence is on the side of morality and virtue—of which both "The Earl's Daughters" and "Danesbury House" are notable instances.

As we dislike to see such admirable productions miss the very fullest appreciation, we can but request our readers to call the attention of their friends to the admirable stories we are now publishing in THE POST, *and shall continue to publish*. One of Mrs. Wood's stories, in itself, is worth the price of subscription. And let the public remember that *this talented author writes for no other periodical in the country*.

MISSING PAPERS.

The complaints from our subscribers, of missing papers, have been of late rather more frequent than usual. We suppose it is owing to the fact that so many of the post-office people are finding out what a very interesting paper THE POST is. We have reason to believe that the fault is *not* generally in our office; for that matter, in some cases, the complaint to us is, that the paper is kept in the post offices for days, and even sometimes a week, in order to allow opportunity for its being read thoroughly, before being delivered.

Considering the low price of THE POST, and the ease with which any postmaster or assistant postmaster can obtain a free copy, by getting up a club, there is no excuse for such meddlings with the newspapers of subscribers. And in certain offices, if the practice be not abandoned, we shall be compelled to complain to the Postmaster General. Of course to the great bulk of postmasters, these remarks do not apply. And if those to whom they do apply, will write us, stating alike their inability to get up a club, to pay the subscription price, and to do without THE POST, we will send them a copy gratis.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

A great deal recently has been said in France of the mischief resulting from the common lucifer matches. These lucifer matches may be said indeed to be playing the very dev—we mean *lucifer*—not only in France, but in these United States. Stores are set on fire by them—the matches being ignited by mere exposure on a window sill to the rays of the sun—and a Miss Graham recently died in Brooklyn, after the most painful suffering, owing to her dress taking fire from a match carelessly left on the door step. Many people, from the careless way they act, seem to consider these lucifer matches the most harmless things in the world, while they are really correctly named, and one of the most dangerous. Let all sensible people see to it that their matches are kept carefully in tin or other incombustible boxes, and that they are placed where the smaller children of the family cannot get hold of them.

SYRIA.

The recent atrocities perpetrated upon the so-called Christian population of Syria by the Druses, will do much to withdraw from the Turkish Government the sympathies of the civilized world. Although the Sultan has written a letter to Louis Napoleon, expressing his regret at what has happened, the course of the Mohammedan officials in Syria has been so plainly in encouragement of the barbarities in question, that the regrets of their master will be generally regarded either as a confession of weakness, or as the rankest hypocrisy.

France, it is stated, is about sending an expedition of 6,000 men, to teach a lesson of common humanity to the Druses, and England and Russia probably will aid in the same good work. The great Christian nations cannot stand quietly by, and see the savage destruction of any who call themselves by the Christian name, even though their Christianity be of rather a questionable character. Questionable as it is, it is the offence for which they are massacred. If their Christianity, therefore, be a sufficient reason for the persecution by the Druses and Mohammedans, it should be a sufficient reason for the protecting influence of Christian Europe being extended over them.

As to the rumor that the Turkish Government is really at the bottom of these massacres, we have no faith in it whatever. That Government is not enamored of self-destruction, and it knows well that the late proceedings in Syria give force to the allegation of its enemies, that it only cumbers the ground, and that the axe of the destroyer should be speedily applied to its rotten trunk. For to suppose that Christian Europe, impelled to the task by the double incitements of religion and ambition, would allow such offences to take place without interference and punishment, would be to suppose what the Grand Turk has very little warrant to suppose from the history of the past. No, of all sorry men that these atrocious proceedings have taken place, trust us that the Sultan is the sorriest—for it may involve the loss of his throne, and the downfall of the Turkish Empire.

GARIBALDI.

The *Public Ledger* says, in an article relative to the position of Garibaldi:—

At present he resists the offering of Sicily to Victor Emmanuel, on the ground that it is not yet all conquered from the King of Naples. This may be a reason why the King of Sardinia should think well before he receives the perilous gift of an unconquered territory, but it should rather seem a reason why Garibaldi should strengthen himself by every sort of aid that Victor Emmanuel could furnish, if he will. The safest course for the cause of liberty would be for Garibaldi to turn over each province as fast as he conquers it to Victor Emmanuel, so that no subsequent accident happening to him *could undo the past*. At present, all is put to risk for the sake of the chance of more, and the hopes of accomplishing all that Garibaldi has planned are few indeed.

If our contemporary will reflect a moment, it will see that Garibaldi's course is the only sensible one that he could adopt. Suppose that he were to allow the immediate annexation of Sicily to Sardinia, what resources would be left him to prosecute any further designs. Sardinia is at peace with Naples, and the moment Sicily passed under her authority, Sicily must be at peace with Naples too. To ask Garibaldi, after he has won through his own daring efforts a fulcrum for his lever, to give it up, and take the risk of winning another, is to ask a very foolish thing—and we do not wonder that the Sardinian agent who did ask it, was banished at once from the island. "To turn over each province as fast as he conquers it to Victor Emmanuel," would be to turn himself very soon into a Neapolitan prison.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The daily papers fairly overflowed last week with denunciations of the managers of the Great Eastern, penned by the survivors of the trip to Cape May. The testimony is universal as to the filthiness of the ship, the want of proper food and water, and the general parsimony and want of management in all things. Over two thousand persons embarked for Cape May—while, on the second trip, to Annapolis, only one hundred and fifty could be found to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Great Eastern; a fact which speaks volumes of itself. As to the vessel, the testimony seems generally in her favor, although she *does* roll, like other vessels, and sufficiently to make landsmen sea-sick in a very little while. The impression, however, seems to be spreading, that she is too large for the scale on which dame Nature has constructed the harbors of this world, and that financially she must prove a failure. With such mean management as she has now, a failure would seem to be inevitable.

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.—A French paper says that a fierce persecution has broken out against the Christians in Cochin China. Their villages have been destroyed, some of their priests are in custody awaiting death, the missionaries are hiding from the vengeance of the Government in the woods, and the whole Christian population has been dispersed. *No cause for this sudden outbreak is assigned.*

We should think that a cause might easily be found in the recent invasion of Cochin China by France, and the projected invasion of China by the allied forces of France and England.

WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE?—Did the Directors of the Great Eastern, in asking ten cents for a glass of ice-water, wish to encourage the drinking of spirits, or only to show their general enmity to water-drinking? That is the great question now-a-days. For such a big ship, the Great Eastern seems to have about the smallest souled Directors ever known.—The proverb says that "extremes meet"—and surely big matter and little minds have met in the Great Eastern.

A GOOD DECISION.—The Supreme Court of this State has decided that any contract entered into by the Commissioners of Public Buildings, must be submitted to the City Councils for approval or disapproval. We are glad to have at least a finger in the management of our local affairs, it would seem, in this city.

ROBERT FULTON.

Mr. T. W., of Ansonia, Ct., sends us the following extract from the autobiography of the celebrated Robert Owen:—

"It so occurred that I lodged in the same house in Brasenose street with the afterwards so celebrated American Robert Fulton of steam navigation notoriety. He had come to this country (England) on speculation, having good and quick inventive faculties. The making of canals was then the mania in England. Fulton had just completed a newly invented mode of digging canals, and he saw an advertisement in the newspapers for contractors to dig certain portions of a canal from Glasgow towards Edinburgh. 'By G—,' said Fulton, who had now expended all his funds, 'if I had but sixty pounds to take me to Glasgow and build my digging machine I would soon make good profits. Can you advance me that sum, and you shall have half the gains?' I assented to his proposal, and an agreement to form a partnership was made and signed, which I have retained as a curiosity. I advanced the money. Fulton went in high spirits to Glasgow, saw Bate's imperfect steamboat working five miles an hour on the Clyde river, observed its defects, and wished the partnership annulled, to which I assented, and he went off immediately to the United States and built his first steamboat on the Hudson river."

The above supplies an additional proof—if any were needed—that Robert Fulton was merely one of the perfecters, and not the originator of the steamboat. Our correspondent says that "he is amused with the pertinacity with which we follow up this fact, which we have so often proved." He must also be amused at the pertinacity with which the old claim for Fulton is renewed again and again, notwithstanding its many disprovals, by men who make considerable pretensions to scholarship. In fact, once get a false statement thoroughly implanted in the public mind, and it is as hard to root out as the Canada thistle.

ANAGRAMS.—Those who send us anagrams seem to have a very imperfect perception of what their merit consists in. The anagram should not be nonsense, or even some merely sensible word or sentence, but should have a direct bearing upon the original. For instance, of ten anagrams now before us, sent us by a lady, one alone is a true anagram—Grey eagle, *ye real egg*. An attempt on Nightingale, *A tin leg nigh*, is no true anagram at all, because the transposition has no direct or indirect, serious or humorous bearing upon the original word.

☞ UNANIMITY PRESERVED.—At the late meeting of the American Anti Tobacco Society, the officers and corporation were given as follows: President, Rev. George Trask; Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditor, Rev. George Trask; Honorary Body, Corporate and Incorporate, Rev. George Trask. No danger of dissension, rivalry and schism in that Society.

☞ To dream that you are worth a million of dollars, and then, upon waking up, find yourself an editor is—very provoking.

☞ The honorary degree of Master of Arts has been almost simultaneously conferred upon John Greenleaf Whittier (the Quaker Poet) by the Quaker College at Haverford, Pa., and Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass.

☞ The Widow's Cruise—The Lady Franklin Expedition.

☞ When your lady-love can't be moved by any other process, try the *leave*-her (lever).

☞ A lawyer is never so mischievous as when he has but little practice; nor a physician as when he has a good deal.

☞ Somebody says the devil never troubles a busy man.

This we know to be false. Show us a busier man than the editor, and yet he is fortunate if he has no more than one "devil" to trouble him, especially when "copy" is short.

☞ A practical individual in a drinking saloon, hearing a partially inebriated gentleman quoting Ion—

"It is
A little thing to give a cup of water,"

replied, "Yes, blamed little! A fellow that wouldn't give you a glass of lager beer ought to be kicked."

☞ The young of the oyster is nurtured in the shell, and not on the outside, as commonly supposed, the little creatures that first issue from the shell having projections on each side like the wings of butterflies, with which they flutter about in the water; but in a short time the wings drop off and the shell begins to be secreted.

☞ CROMWELL.—Whether Cromwell ever contemplated the assumption of the regal dignity is an open question. At all events, there is some presumption of such a contingency, for we find that he had a sceptre of fine gold made, weighing upwards of 168 ounces, the total cost of which amounted to £650 13s. 6d. The order for the payment of the bill for the same to Edward Beckwell is in September, 1657.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A new wheel for railway carriages has been introduced to obviate the possibility of those breakages of the tire from which a large proportion of the worst accidents have recently arisen. The tire in this case is solid throughout, having no holes for bolts or rivets in any part, and it is so connected with the wheel that if one part were to break, the remainder would still be held firmly in position. The system has been tested on the Brighton line for some months, and the results are said to have demonstrated its safety and economy.

☞ An American in Paris has constructed an electric machine so powerful that it will readily evolve electric sparks fifteen inches long. It charges a Leyden jar three times a minute, the discharge being as loud as that of a musket.

☞ COMB AND DRINK.—Bulwer calls a newspaper "the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink." A good many men would never drink however, unless the articles were full of spirit.

☞ There is a large class who have betaken themselves to literature for a livelihood, and, of all things in it, to poetry. There never was a wilder hope nor one more sure to wither.—The morning is repulse and the evening disappointment; and, what is the worst of it, there is no dinner of their own earning at noon.

☞ If some men's bodies were not straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FALSE DAUPHINS.

PART THIRD.

PARIS, July 13, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post.—

The readers of THE POST may remember that, in my sketch of the adventures of the mysterious personage who, under the names of the "Duke of Normandy" and the "Baron de Richemont," passed a long life—only just ended—in the vain endeavor to convince an incredulous world that he was the son and heir of Louis XVI., mention was made of the sudden appearance of two rival claims to this character, which, when the *soi-disant* Dauphin was tried for "swindling" in 1833, were put forward by parties desirous to prove that the "Baron de Richemont" was an impostor, and that *they* were, respectively, the "son of Louis XVI.;" a complication so comic that the good people of Paris were diverted beyond measure by the absurdity of such a triplicate of claims.

But though the public laughed, the court did not. The third claimant, who had nothing to say for his pretensions, and based his claims entirely on the scar over his right eye, was dismissed with contempt; but the "agent" who presented the written appeal of the rival "Duke of Normandy," was arrested, and compelled to reveal the name and whereabouts of the pretender in whose name he acted.—From the investigations thus set on foot, it appeared that the absent "Duke of Normandy" was a certain Charles Guillaume Naundorff, born of a family of Jews in Prussian Poland.—He went to Berlin in 1810, remained there two years, selling wooden clocks. In 1812, he removed to Spandau, where he obtained the right of citizenship, and married, in 1818, the daughter of a pipe manufacturer of Heidelberg. This man, born in 1775, that is to say, ten years before the birth of the son of Louis XVI., who declared himself to be a Protestant of the Augsburg Confession, and who could only speak a few words of barbarous French, took it into his head, in 1828, to give himself out as the son of the French King. He had been unlucky in business, had been tried for arson in 1824 and tried again, a few months later, as a coiner of false money, for which crime he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of Brandebourg. It was on the expiration of this imprisonment that he hit upon the idea of passing himself off as the son of Louis XVI., as a means of getting a livelihood. On the 13th of June, 1836, he too brought a lawsuit in Paris against the Duchess d'Angouleme, to compel her to recognize him as her brother, and also against the ex-King Charles X., to compel him to a recognition of his claims; whereupon he was immediately arrested by the Government of Louis Philippe, and sent out of France. He appealed against this expulsion to Council of State, before which tribunal, strange to say, his cause was pleaded by no less a personage than the eminent barrister M. Cremieux, who, however, did not attempt to establish the claim of his client to belong to the dynasty of the Capets, but defended him as a foreigner *illegally driven* out of France. To cut short this appeal, the King issued a Royal Ordonnance, declaring that the measure against which the appeal was made, was one which appertained exclusively to the Police authorities, and that these were fully justified in taking the course which they had adopted.

Naundorff, thus shut out from France, went to England, where he still maintained his pretensions. He also declared himself to be in communication with Celestial Spirits, and professed to be the chief of some mystic sect; living, meantime, on the money he obtained from his dupes. In 1843 he was several times on trial in London, before the police courts, at the suit of various inn-keepers and others whom he had contrived to swindle. He was imprisoned there for debt, but contrived to make his escape from England, and took refuge in Delft, Holland, where he died in 1845.

Yet one other sketch, and we shall have completed this *resume* of the doings of the principal impostors known in France as "*Les Faux Dauphins*." This last of the pretenders to the throne of the Capets, appears to have passed his childhood among the Indians of North America, and is known here as Eleazar the Iroquois; a preacher rejoicing, according to the French accounts of him, in the prefix of "Reverend." This reverend gentleman was looked upon by all about him as being the son of a certain Thomas Williams, and his Indian wife, Mary Ann Konwatewentata. His father, a half-breed, the son of a white father and a red mother, is described as living, in all respects, the life of a savage, in the woods of what French writers call "the parish of Caughnawaga," wherever that may be. Eight of the children of the said Thomas and Mary Ann were duly registered on the official books of that region; by some chance, the birth of the ninth, Eleazar, was not registered; a slight omission destined to produce important results. Mrs. Williams Konwatewentata constantly repeated that she was not the mother of Lazan, which appellation is understood to be, in the Iroquis tongue, the equivalent of Eleazar; she had, moreover, made her cross, in guise of signature, to a couple of affidavits attesting this same assertion.

On the strength of which assertion and the confirmatory crosses, the Reverend Eleazar Williams—Konwatewentata had built up a past history for himself. He stated that he had been idiotic until he reached his thirteenth or fourteenth year, when he happened, one fine day, to fall, head foremost, on a stone, which wounded him severely in the upper story. The loss of blood, or the shock, or both, put him into immediate possession of his intelligence and memory, dormant until then; and the very first thing he saw in the glass of memory, so suddenly recalled to him, was a beautiful lady, in a beautiful gown, with a beautiful train streaming out behind, on whose lap he remembered that he used to sit and play. As the Iroquois ladies do not wear trains, it was evident that this lady could not have been an Iroquois; and as the grand ladies of Versailles, before the revolution, *did* wear trains, it was equally evident that the lady on whose lap he used to play, was a great lady of Versailles. And as, moreover, Eleazar's memory, now so effectually awakened, showed a hideous threatening, ignoble face, scowling on him when the beautiful lady with the train had disappeared, it was equally certain that *this* was the face of Simon, the jailor of the unfortunate Dauphin; and indeed, when a portrait of the renowned shoemaker was shown to him in after life, the Reverend Eleazar instantly recognized the nightmare of his boyish *souvenirs*.

The fortunate splitting of his head, on a stone still harder than itself, having thus rendered Eleazar's memory so wonderfully perspicacious, he learned English; imperfectly, it is true, but still, indicating a tendency to intellectual matter rare in an Iroquois. He got hold of a catechism, became a Christian, a Protestant, and a missionary.

Up to this time nothing very remarkable had occurred in the life of the Reverend Eleazar; though the Europeans, who occasionally came in his way, appear to have been constantly struck with the fact that, while his physiognomy bore no traces of the type of the Red Men, it bore a wonderful resemblance to that of Louis XVIII. But even this astonishing resemblance did not suffice to put Eleazar on the track of his own identity; nor was it until 1841, when the Prince de Joinville, during his visit to America, having fallen in with the Iroquois missionary, a brilliant light all at once flooded the broken head of the latter.

But this astonishing incident must be recounted in the words of the Reverend gentleman himself, who narrated the circumstance in the following words:—

"The captain of the steamer told me that the Prince wished to have an interview with me; that he would be glad if I would go and see him, 'or,' said the captain, 'if you prefer it, I will bring the Prince to you.'

"'I am at your orders,' I replied, 'and will do whatever you think best.'

"Upon this, the captain brought to me the Prince de Joinville. At the moment of his arrival at my house, I was sitting on a barrel. The Prince, on seeing me, involuntarily shuddered, and I remarked a violent agitation in his features. He grew slightly pale, and trembled from head to foot. I observed all this at the moment, without understanding it; and afterwards, when I came to contrast this confusion and agitation with the habitual ease and calmness of his deportment, I was still more struck by this passing emotion. He took me by the hand with an air at once grave and respectful, and we engaged in conversation. All the passengers from the steamer, and the persons of his suite, seemed greatly surprised at the attention paid me by the Prince. He invited me to dinner; and received me at the table apart, prepared for him, and motioned to me to take the seat of honor beside himself. Somewhat intimidated by this excess of politeness, I declined to take this seat. After dinner, we remained talking together far into the night, at the farther end of the boat, seated on the cushions of the cabin; and we passed the night there, sleeping side by side.

"Next day, the steamer only reached Green Bay about three in the afternoon; and during nearly all that time we conversed together. When I afterwards recalled our conversation, I perceived that the Prince had been gradually preparing me for what was coming, although the different subjects we had touched upon, had seemed to present themselves naturally, and without preparation.

"When we reached Green Bay, the Prince pressed me to lodge with him at the Astor House; but I excused myself, wishing to go to the house of my father-in-law. On returning to the Astor House, I found the Prince alone. The persons of his suite were in an adjoining room. He began by telling me that he had a communication to make to me, something which was of very serious interest to him, and of the very greatest importance to me; that no one else being in any way interested in the matter, he desired to obtain from me some guarantee of my discretion, and asked me to give him my word that I would not divulge to any one what he was about to state to me. After some hesitation I consented, provided that, in the secret which he was about to reveal to me, there should be nothing prejudicial to anybody else. I finally made a promise to that effect, and then the Prince spoke, as nearly as I can remember as follows:

"'You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself as being a native of this country—but you are not. You were born elsewhere, sir, in Europe; and, however incredible the thing may appear to you at first sight, I must tell you that you are the son of a King. It must be a great consolation to you to learn this fact. You have suffered much; you have been brought very low; but you have not endured more miseries and humiliations than my father, who lived for a long time in this country, poor, and in exile. Between you and him there is this difference, that he was aware of his high birth, whereas you were happily in ignorance of yours.'"

"When the Prince had said this, you may judge what was my stupefaction. I told him that his communication was so extraordinary that he 'must excuse me if I showed myself incredulous, and that really I was quite divided in my own mind, quite as it were, between two—'"

"'Between two what?' demanded the Prince.

"'Between two opinions,' I replied. 'On the one hand I could hardly bring myself to believe what he had told me, and, on the other, I feared that he had mistaken me for some other person.'

"He replied that 'he had no disposition to trifle with my feelings, that he had only stated the truth, and that he had the means of convincing me of the truth of his statement.'

"'I then entreated him to complete the revelation he had begun, and to reveal to me the secret of my birth. He replied that before doing this it would be necessary for me to fulfil a certain formality, in order to secure the interests of all those whom this secret concerned. Thereupon he drew from his trunk a sheet of parchment, and laid it on the table, where were already pens, ink, and sealing wax. He placed beside the parchment a State Seal of France, the one which, if I am not mistaken, was used under the old monarchy. This seal was of some precious metal, but whether of gold, silver, or silver-gilt, I am unable to say. On reflection, I am inclined to think it was the last; but I may be mistaken, for I was completely overcome, and the things which, at another moment, would have most strongly attracted my attention, were scarcely perceived by me. Nevertheless, I confess that, when I had learned all, the sight of this seal, presented by a Prince of the House of Orleans, excited my indignation. The parchment was very well written, in two columns, in French and in English. I read, and re-read it, with utmost attention, for four or five hours. During this time, the Prince left me to my own reflections, remaining nearly the whole time in the room, which he only quitted two or three times.

"The purport of this document was a solemn abdication of the crown of France, in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, son of Louis XVI., who was styled Louis XVII., King of France and of Navarre, with all the names and titles used under the ancient monarchy, the whole accompanied with an enumeration, in legal style, of the motives, conditions and reservations of the said abdication. These conditions were, in general, that a princely establishment should be insured to me, in this country or in France, according to my choice, and that Louis Philippe engaged to procure for me the restitution, or the equivalent of all the private possessions of the royal family, which belonged to me, and which had been confiscated during the Revolution, or which had passed into other hands."

How the Reverend Eleazar at length decided on an act of heroic self-immolation, and how the ingratitude of Louis Philippe and his family left him after his abdication, as entirely *minus* the enjoyment of the "private possessions" of his royal ancestors as he had been *before*, I must leave to the imagination of the readers of THE POST. But before quitting a subject which shows how strangely susceptible is a certain portion of the community of being duped by the assumptions of a spurious royalty, I must find room to mention an instance of successful gulling, which has just been brought to light in Russia.

It seemed that some fifteen years ago, the young head of the noble house of Svonchoff set out upon a foreign tour, accompanied by his confidential valet. This valet murdered his master, took the title of the murdered man, and under this borrowed appellation, continued the tour planned by the latter. Received everywhere as Count Svonchoff, the scoundrel visited several foreign countries, receiving regularly the statements of the agents and bankers of the murdered man, and living in all respects as though he were the deceased Count. Having remained abroad for many years, he at length returned to Russia, and contrived, by keeping out of the way of the relatives and intimate friends of the Count, still to pass for him. Growing bolder with success, and living in a part of Russia where the Count was not personally known, he even went so far as to contract a marriage with the daughter of a noble house, by whom he has had several children. Residing in great style on one of the estates of the murdered man, no suspicion of the fellow's imposture was entertained in any quarter. Some months ago, however, an old friend of the Count travelling in the neighborhood of the chateau inhabited by the pretended Svonchoff, suddenly arrived there, in the hope of meeting his old friend. The murderer, confronted by this unexpected guest, endeavored to pass himself off as the Count, and tried to explain the change in his appearance, and his inability to converse on the subject of their former acquaintance, by the length of time that had elapsed since they met, and a severe illness which he had had during his travels, and which he said had impaired his memory. But the friend was not to be thus cozened. He saw at once that the pretended Count was an impostor; and divining mischief, set the authorities on the scent he had discovered. The pretended Count was arrested, and finding it impossible to maintain his story, made a full confession of his crime, and hung himself in prison.

The Emperor, memorialized on the subject by the family of the unfortunate wife, confirmed to herself and her children the title and estates of Svonchoff, thus placing them in the same position which would have been theirs had the lady been married in reality, as she supposed herself to have been, to the head of that ancient house.

QUANTUM.

☞ A young lady lately asked a gentleman the meaning of the word surrogate, and the gentleman explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to pass to get married." "Then, I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of sorrow-gate." "You are right, miss," replied her informant, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

☞ To fulfill the duties of life—a pure heart and a ready hand are the essential requisites.

☞ The lady who tried to read by the light of other days, subsequently took a camphene lamp.

☞ If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

☞ An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

☞ One half the time ordinarily spent in vain efforts to *regain* lost health would suffice to *preserve* it.

☞ The Queen of James the Second asked her confessor if she might not paint. "Certainly," said the good man, "but not to excess; only on one cheek!"

☞ NEAT REPORT.—An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at the opera with a French physician, and was much troubled with *ennui*, happened to gape. "Excuse me, madame," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork."

☞ "Madam, you never confess yourself in the wrong." "No, sir; but if I had ever been in the wrong, I am sure I should have taken great pleasure in acknowledging it."

☞ The fellow who kissed the face of Nature, said it didn't taste half so well as the lips of his lady friend.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—If the Presidential Question goes to the House, each State counts one vote, and 17 constitute a majority of the 33. The House stands as follows as to the political complexion of the Congressmen in the various delegations:—

Republican States.

Connecticut,	Michigan,	Ohio,
Indiana,	Minnesota,	Pennsylvania,
Iowa,	New Hampshire,	Rhode Island,
Maine,	New Jersey,	Vermont,
Massachusetts,	New York,	Wisconsin—15.

Breckenridge Democratic States.

Alabama,	Georgia,	South Carolina,
Arkansas,	Louisiana,	Texas,
California,	Mississippi,	Virginia—13.
Delaware,	Missouri,	
Florida,	Oregon,	

Douglas Democratic State. Illinois—1.
Bell Opposition State. Tennessee—1.
Divided—Kentucky, Maryland, and North Carolina—3.

The representatives of the last three States are equally divided between the Democrats and the Bell men.

The Douglas Democrats have a majority of one in the Illinois delegation over the Republicans.

In case of the election of President by the House of Representatives, the seven smallest States can elect a President if they please. Three of these minor States have only a single representative, six have only two, three have three, three have four, one has five, and another six, so that *thirty-seven* members of Congress, being a majority of the delegations from a majority of the States, can elect a President, if no election is made by the electors chosen by the popular vote.

CALIFORNIA.—The news of the double Democratic nominations made at Baltimore perplexes the Democracy of California considerably. The party organs hesitate to support either ticket. Nearly all the Federal officers support Mr. Breckinridge. The probabilities favor the nomination of two Electoral tickets.

A Douglas ratification meeting had been called for the 19th. General Weller, General McDowell, and other staunch supporters of the Administration, are announced as speakers.

The San Francisco Herald, the only Democratic organ that supported Mr. Douglas after the announcement of his nomination, is now silent.

NEW JERSEY.—A Houston and Stockton Electoral ticket was nominated in this State, at Trenton, on the 25th ult.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE.—Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is said to be a warm advocate of Mr. Douglas' election.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The returns of the election in this State indicate that Ellis, Dem., has been re-elected Governor, by from 8,000 to 10,000 majority.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the marriage, some twenty years since, of Captain Schenley, of the British army, to Miss Croghan, then at boarding school on Staten Island—an heiress in her own right of at least two millions of property in and about Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. In addition to her great wealth and beauty, Miss Croghan was the niece of Colonel George Croghan, the gallant hero of Sandusky; and the gentleman who had won this precious prize, being at least thirty years the senior of the bride, the community threw itself into a fever of excitement little creditable to the county. Even the legislature of the State of Pennsylvania made itself ridiculous by passing a bill forfeiting the bride's property! which, of course, was a nullity. Time rolled on. Captain Schenley, an accomplished and agreeable gentleman, not only proved himself to be an affectionate husband and kind father, but actually won the confidence and affection of his wife's father, who went to England and spent some time under the roof of the son-in-law he had strangely condemned. The gallant captain is still living, hale and hearty; and what is of some consequence, during his late residence on his estate at Pittsburg, became *an American citizen*. We now find his daughter presented at court as an English belle; but we claim her as an American, and speak from knowledge when we say that her countrywomen were admirably represented on the occasion referred to. "The first blush of beauty," says the Court Journal, "is with the *debutante* of the season, as a consequence of youth. To single out seems invidious, and we might be accused of want of courtly respect, were we not armed with the reply that the brave are made the subject of praise and fame, and the fair whose name is ever coupled with the brave cannot escape their inevitable publicity. At hazard among the beauties of *England*, we *cite* as we saw. The truly lovely Miss Schenley, who was presented at the last drawing-room, was attired in pink and white."

A REVOLTING PENANCE AT LORETTO.—The well known story of a channel being worn on the pavement immediately surrounding the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, is not in the least exaggerated. There are two distinct furrows on the marble, traced there by thousands who have yearly dragged themselves in this attitude of devotion for a given number of times around its walls. At the moment of our visit several peasant women were thus shuffling along, seemingly without much inconvenience, with the exception of one whose attitude and appearance produced a painful sensation on my mind. She was working her way round on her hands and knees, drawing as she went a line with her tongue upon the pavement. I know not how long she had been in that position, but it was horrible to view; her face was black and swollen; her eyes starting from their sockets; the veins on her forehead standing out like tight-strained cords, and mingled blood and saliva flowing from her mouth. Our conductor looked unconcernedly at the poor creature as we passed, and said, in answer to my appealing glances, "It is only a great penance; you may be sure she richly deserves it. There are many who come here in this way to expiate their sins;" and then walked on, leading the way to the treasury, as if the subject were too commonplace for further consideration.—*Mrs. Gretton's Englishwoman in Italy.*

☞ IGNORANCE.—Ignorance is often the source of the most intrepid action, and the most implicit faith, since there are none so fearless as those who have not light enough to see their danger, and none so confident as they who have not sufficient knowledge to discover their own errors.

☞ REPENTANCE.—*If* there be anything that we should suppose men would not admire, it is repentance. It does not seem to be an experience which has much that is admirable in it. Men usually think of it as a kind of shame-faced, crying, pocket-handkerchief state of mind; but if you take it from human infirmities, and present it to men so that they see the thing, rather than the actor, it is beautiful in the eyes of every one.

☞ A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

THE BANDIT OF BALAGUER.

Once upon a time, and that time very soon after the Inquisition was suppressed in Spain, a certain man, whose name I forgot, but whom we may call Juan de la Vega y rey de los Bribones by way of shortness, came to reside at Tarragona, which, if you turn to your map and look for, will not be found very far removed from either Barcelona or Valencia, and midway between both. Moreover, if your map be a good one, you will also find, quite close to the sea-coast, a place called Balaguer. Now this Juan de la Vega y rey de los Bribones was a gentleman, in the police court definition of the same; you will, therefore, for politeness sake, put *Don* before his Christian name whenever you chance to address him, and on occasions of extraordinary politeness you will be careful to put *Senore* before the Don. This Juan de la Vega was a man who ate, drank, and dressed well, though he was by no means merry. A certain sombre gravity of demeanor seemed natural to him. He was a man of few words, severe, and sometimes repulsive. He had the habit of eyeing one askance and never looking a man straight in the face when he addressed him. Altogether the Senor Don Juan de la Vega was what the Scotch would call "uncanny."

But the hidalgo had his good points, according to his own way of viewing the case. His house bristled with crucifixes, large and small; his walls were covered with the pictures of saints. He went to mass regularly when at home, and confessed from time to time. The Senor Don Juan lived well, as I have said, though visible means of subsistence he had none. This was not, however, a matter for adverse comment or suspicion in a country where hardly anything fit to wear is made at home, and whence every foreign thing fit to wear, is prohibited by the laws—people managing to get foreign goods notwithstanding. The sea was near; smuggler ships abounded. The Senor Don Juan might, nay, he *must*, do a little business in the smuggling line; he must be a contrabandista. This conviction is a passport to respect in Spain among a certain class; but, nevertheless, for some reason which I cannot explain, the Senor failed to conciliate the respect of his neighbors, much less gain a hold upon their affections. Bit by bit the fact that he was not a contrabandista came out. That was clear; and being clear, the question arose with redoubled pertinence, what did the Senor Don Juan do? He was destined to acquire a bad name in the end, as you will presently see; but among his vices I do not think drunkenness can be laid to his charge. He was not a total abstainer either, as the sequel will make appear. From time to time the Senor Don Juan drank wine, and he drank aguardiente; and "in vino veritas," you know, I dare say; and so it happened in the end that a stoup of wine brought truth from out of the reluctant mouth of the Senor Don Juan de la Vega y rey de los Bribones.

Hard by Tarragona, some good wild duck-shooting is to be had; and, seeing there are no game laws in Spain, one need not wonder that wild ducks found their way sometimes into the ollas of Tarragona. It was on one balmy evening, the sun just going down, when a party of wild duck-shooters returning from their sport, happened to encounter the Senor Don Juan on a mountain path. Slung to his back was a carbine—a garniture which adorns almost every Spaniard in travelling; besides, what more probable on this occasion than that the Senor Don Juan had been wild duck-shooting, like the rest?

"Buenas tardes, Senor Don Juan," said one of the sportsmen, touching his sombrero.

"Vaya uste con Dios," promptly replied the Don, touching his hat also and endeavoring to pass on.

"Nay, not so fast, hombre!" interposed a second sportsman. "Vamonos! come, take a stoup of good wine," continued he, unslinging a cantaro, or gourd travelling bottle.

Now, in Spain, where refusal to eat or drink anything set before you, is always an offence, the moody-minded sombre Don Juan had only to sit down and do as he was bid; there was no help for it. He quaffed a good stoup: and, seemingly not averse to the taste of it, he quaffed a second, whereupon his tongue was, in a measure, untied, so that he presently spoke imprudent words, as you shall hear.

"I did not know you were a sportsman," said one of the strangers, playing with the Senor Don Juan's carbine.

"I don't shoot *birds*," replied the Don.

So much he never would have spoken had it not been for the wine; but there was no particular harm in what he said after all, you see; because he might have gone shooting wild boars or wolves. What if murders *had* been known to occur from time to time between Barcelona and Valencia, particularly at the pass of Balaguer? Are not murders common enough in Spain? Show me one mountain path on the Spanish Mediterranean coast where there are not memorials of them thickly studded—rustic crosses set up to hallow the spot, as is thought. Could anybody ever that Don Juan committed the murders? Was there ever a man mysteriously lost from Tarragona since the Don Juan de la Vega had come there to live? By no means. The impartial historian must admit that strangers to the spot had alone fallen victims at the pass of Balaguer; so that less heed was taken of the matter than there would have otherwise been. At length it came to pass that critics noted some strange points in connection with those murders. Each victim fell precisely on the same spot, and had been killed in exactly the same way, by a bullet passing through the middle of the forehead right into the brain. Moreover, each corpse, when discovered, was found lying on the back, decently laid out, arms and legs straight, eyes closed; and, still more strange to say, having a crucifix on its breast. There seemed to be something supernatural in all this. People did not care to inquire too narrowly into the cause of it. Balaguer came to be regarded as a haunted spot. Travellers who could, avoided the path, and those who could not, took care to go in company; for it happened that none but lonely travellers had ever been known to fall in the pass of Balaguer. To examine the spot from afar was not an easy thing, on account of its being so much hemmed in with rocks. However, a herdsman once upon a time, testified to having heard the report of a gun, and, looking towards the spot whence the report came, saw a monster of gigantic stature, enveloped in flame, rush down along the crags, approach a certain spot, and, stooping down, place the murdered traveller on his back, arrange his limbs, kneel known close to him, apparently engaged in prayer, and finally lay a crucifix upon the corpse, and escape back to the mountain as abruptly as he came.

At length the mystery was resolved; a sort of Punch and Judy show, with puppets the size of life, takes place in Spain during Lent, sacred subjects being represented. Well, it so happened that a certain proprietor of wooden puppets for Lent performances, and of great cleverness, had been starring it at Barcelona, under the proprietorship of a certain little man, whom we will call Pepe Morales. Pepe having drawn crowded audiences at Barcelona, wished to go to Valencia, and, all the bad repute of Balaguer notwithstanding, he determined on following that route. Pepe Morales among his puppets had one of extraordinary cleverness, and the cleverness of it, I must hasten to explain, was in the part where cleverness ought to be—I mean in the head.—That head could open its eyes, shut its eyes, laugh, bow, in short, do most things except think, and speak outright. Such a clever *cabeza* had never been made before; no wonder Pepe Morales set great store upon it. But clever as the wooden cabeza was, Pepe Morales had the notion that his own proper head was more clever still, and that he would be a blockhead indeed, if, the choice being forced on him, he did not sacrifice the wooden cabeza for a cabeza (head) full of brains. So, remembering that he had to traverse the ill-starred mountain path of Balaguer, remembering that travellers were often murdered there, each by a bullet through the head, Pepe bethought himself of an expedient which you, reader, if of a thoughtful turn of mind, will have guessed already.

Safety often comes of putting two heads together, you know, the proverb says; and so said Pepe Morales. So, mounting his mule, wrapping his capa, or Spanish cloak about him, and closing it at the neck quite over his own head, allowing his nose to poke out a little, whereby he could breathe, the intrepid Pepe Morales got a friend to stick the wooden head on the top of his own head; and the cabeza, being surmounted by a jaunty sombrero, the get-up looked human enough, I dare say, especially at twilight, the hour when he elected to pass the defile of Balaguer. The better to try conclusions, Pepe desired his companions (for there were many in his train) to remain some distance in the rear, concealed in a turn of the path, whilst he passed on; telling them that, on hearing the report of a gun, they should quickly pass to the spot. Merrily Pepe trotted along, a fine-looking fellow enough, thanks to the cabeza. Step by step the spot fatal to so many was reached. Crack! is heard the discharge of a carbine. Up goes Pepe's hand to the cabeza; off he falls in true artistic style, just like a man killed outright. Pepe was not killed, however, but *tightly grasping a knife* under his capa.

Very wide awake, though you might not have thought it, Pepe looked about him, and perceived, as the herdsman had before perceived, somebody clambering down the rocks—with these variations, however: the clamberer was not monstrous in size, nor was he enveloped in flame. He was simply a man, nor particularly ill-looking.

He approaches stealthily, he lays hold of Pepe's leg, and, much quicker than I can recite it to you, Pepe jerks away his wooden head, casts aside his cloak, and cuts with his knife right and left at the stranger.

The latter screamed with vigor. He did not get much wounded, and Pepe was a little man; but the Senor Don Juan (for it was no less than he) was so astounded at the mystery of the case, that he made no attempt at resistance. By this time Pepe's companions came to the rescue, bound the stranger hand and foot, delivered him over to the nearest alcalde, and in due course of time the Senor Don Juan de la Vega was garroted.

This villain, it transpired, had been a familiar or servant of the Inquisition. The servant of those whose professed object it was to make people repent, had a very poor notion of repentance for his own sins. To the last he protested he had nothing to repent of. "The taking of a man's life is in itself a small matter," he would say, "provided you see to the welfare of his soul. I have taken many a life, but I always gave the soul a passport to heaven, by praying over the corpse, and decking it with a crucifix."

Well now, reader, you perhaps consider this a mere tale to while away a leisure hour. I do not. I believe it to be true. It passes for true on the spot, and has been more than once published in all its leading particulars, as I have related them.

Disinterestedness of Lafayette.—In 1803, the American Congress granted to General Lafayette 11,520 acres of land in what was then called the Territory of Orleans; but, by some inadvertency, a portion of the same land was afterwards granted to the Corporation of New Orleans. Lafayette was advised to bring forward his claim; and eminent lawyers assured him that it was perfectly legal. However, he promptly directed his agent to relinquish the claim, observing;

"I cannot consent even to inquire into the validity of my title. It was gratuitously bestowed by Congress, and it is for them to say what was given. I cannot for a moment think of entering into litigation with any public body of the United States."

On this tract, so generously and delicately relinquished, the most valuable part of the city of New Orleans is built; and the value is impartially estimated at four or five million dollars.

☞ Beeswax is now employed, instead of tallow, for coating rifle cartridges in the British army. It is an efficient lubricator, and does not corrode the metal.

☞ There is a race of monkeys in Japan of remarkable longevity. Kampfer saw one which was 106 years old.

ROSIE BERLIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I would that the power were mine, Rosie Berlin,
To utter some simple song,
That might bless you and guide you through all your life—
Through its dangers, and cares, and sorrows, and strife—
And guard you and save you from wrong.

This world in which you and I live, Rosie Berlin,
Is a strange and antipodal world;
Bright with beauty like that which in Eden dwelt—
Dark with passions like those which the angry Cain felt,
When the banner of Blood he unfurled.

But, keep your heart free from all stain, Rosie Berlin;
Do only the right, and be true;
Hate no one; hurt no one; deal kindly by all;
Look on the bright side; heed humanity's call,—
And this world's all a bright world for you.

Nyack-on-the-Hudson, 1860.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation he had ascertained that of the adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in his favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

Thus is it in the physical world. Half of all who are born, die under twenty years of age, while four-fifths of all who reach that age, and die before another score, owe their death to causes of disease which were originated in their teens. On a careful inquiry, it will be ascertained that in nearly all cases, the causes of moral and premature physical death are pretty much one and the same, and are laid between the ages of "eight and sixteen years." This is a fact of startling import to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility.—Certainly a parent should secure and retain and exercise absolute control over the child until sixteen; it cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases, and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent. of the crime of a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it, to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are nearly in every case sown between sundown and bed-time, in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending-money never earned by the spender, opening the doors of confectioneries and soda-fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and the Casino; then follow the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead down to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From "eight to sixteen!" in these few years are the destinies of children fixed! in forty-nine cases out of fifty; fixed by the parent!—Let every father and every mother solemnly vow: "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good by making home more attractive than the street."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Irving's Stout Gentleman.—Mr. Leslie gives an account of the origin of Irving's "Stout Gentleman:"

"Toward the close of the summer of 1823, I made a delightful excursion with Washington Irving to Birmingham, and thence into Derbyshire. We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches, at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only to go as far as Honbey that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields, filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined, we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper.

"The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of 'the stout gentleman.' This wet Sunday at Oxford, did, in fact, suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. The next morning, as we mounted the coach, I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before, and Irving remarked that 'The Stout Gentleman' would not be a bad title for a tale. As soon as the coach stopped, he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford on Avon, strolled about Charlecot Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with 'The Stout Gentleman.' He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth; and by the time we arrived at Birmingham, the outline of 'The Stout Gentleman' was completed. The amusing account of 'The Modern Knights Errant' he added at Birmingham, and the inimitable picture of the inn yard on a rainy day was taken from an inn where we afterward quartered at Derby."

Ruskin's New Book.—Chapter IV., on "The Angel of the Sea," (rain,) commences with a quaint examination of the climates into which our globe is divided, in respect to their fitness for Art. Mr. Ruskin assumes the following tabular statement to be in accordance with the history of Art—

Wood-lands,	Shrewd Intellect,	No art,
Sand lands,	High Intellect,	Religious art,
Vine-lands	Highest Intellect,	Perfect art,
Field lands,	High Intellect,	Material art,
Moss-lands,	Shrewd Intellect,	No art.

Poor Babies.—A somewhat extended observation and a solitary experiance have convinced us that first babies have a hard time. Parents must have two or three children before they know what a baby is, know how to treat it, and acquire patience sufficient to treat it properly. The poor little fellows that have the misfortune to come along first have to educate parents to their task, and in the process they get spanked and shaken and abused. After a man has three or four children, he learns that whipping, or striking a child less than two years of age, is barbarism. We know one "paternal head" who struck his first child, when only six weeks old, the ass actually believing that the child knew better than to cry, and that he stopped crying at that particular time because he struck him. We carry certain notions of children and of family government into married life, and the first child is always the victim of these notions. And not alone of these, for the parents have not learned self-control, and a baby is whipped quite as often because the parent is impatient or angry, as because it is vicious or intractable. We inflict on our first children the floggings we ought to have for our own impatience or fretfulness. This pounding children before they become, in God's eye, morally responsible beings, is very strange business. Patience, good people—unwearying patience! Don't wait to learn it until one of your little ones shall be hidden under the daisies!—*Springfield Republican.*

The Car of Juggernaut.—In one of his recent lectures, Mr. Gangoolly, the converted Brahmin, corrects some of the popular impressions in regard to the car of Juggernaut. He says:—

"This car took its origin from the fact that Crishna, the god, when a child, lived in the village of Kouka. The King in a neighboring province had a great festival, and invited Crishna to be present, and sent a car to carry him to the festival. To commemorate the fact, the Hindoos carry the image of Crishna on it, to (as they say) give him a good ride. As to the self-sacrifice of the Hindoos, it is not true. The Hindoos believe that if a sinner should give two or three pulls to the ropes connected with the car he will be taken to Heaven by a similar car. This false idea induces many of the mental Hindoos to go forward and pull these cars; and often, by their carelessness, they fall under the wheels and are immolated. I once saw four perish in this way, so that their faces were entirely obliterated. When caution is taken, no one is killed. When a heavy car gets in motion it cannot be stopped, being drawn by hosts of horses. The ropes with which the people pull the car are five hundred yards long."

Street Rules.—If you meet a friend, and wish to stop and converse with him, occupy a position in the middle of the walk. You will incur no danger of being crowded either into the gutter or against the show-windows along the street. Don't mind the curses of those who are forced to crowd on either side of you—they will only come home to roost. A cross-walk, in a muddy time, is the most appropriate place for these friendly greetings. If you see three persons together on a corner, or at any other point, join them at once—they may be plotting some treason against the State, and the timely arrival of several hundred like yourself may prevent a riot or a civil revolution. Don't let a lady pass you under any circumstances, without staring her in the face in a familiar way. You will thus be enabled to know her if you meet her a second time, and she will be very likely to remember you. In this way your acquaintance with the softer sex may be very much extended. If you use a cane, carry it always under your arm, with the iron ferule sticking out behind. People coming after you in a hurry cannot tread upon your heels without incurring the loss of an eye, or a few front teeth. Such experience will be of service.

THE TWO QUEENS.

My Lady boasts her diamonds
To deck her raven hair,
My humble village beauty
No costly gems can wear;
Yet both are bright and Queen-like,
And well they play their parts;
But—one's the Queen of Diamonds,
And one—the Queen of Hearts.

My Lady has her carriage,
In which abroad she rides,
But you should see my dear one
As through the dance she glides;
No gem of dazzling brightness
Her sunny brow imparts,
But her eyes are more than diamonds,—
For she's the Queen of Hearts.

I would not have my Lady,
To share her glittering throne,
I would not boast a jewel
I could not call my own;
Though she a Lord could make me,
Give all that wealth imparts,—
I'd yield the Queen of Diamonds
To take my Queen of Hearts.

J. E. CARPENTER.

Essentials for a First-Class Barkeeper.—There is a good story of the proprietor of a well known Broadway saloon, who advertised for a barkeeper. Upon an applicant presenting himself, the proprietor put him through a course of queries:

"You want a barkeeper's berth, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um! Have you a gold watch and heavy vest chain?"

"No, sir," replied the astonished applicant.

"A fancy wardrobe?"

"No, sir."

"A diamond breastpin, diamond rings?"

"No, nothing of the sort."

"Do you keep a fast horse?"

"No, sir."

"Then," replied the philosophical querist, "I don't want you. I can't afford to pay for those essentials of a first-class barkeeper. I want a man who has already provided himself with these necessities out of somebody else's till—d'ye understand?"

WOMEN IN CHINA.

The condition of women in China is exactly the same at the present day as it has been from all recorded time—inferior, servile, degraded, unprotected. Their birth is a misfortune, a curse of Heaven upon the family. In the eyes of the Chinese, the female sex hardly belongs to the human race. M. Huc relates a conversation he had with a Chinaman, who remarked,

"I have often heard you say that people became Christians in order to save their souls. Is that really the case?"

"Yes; that is the object proposed to be attained."

"But then, why do women turn Christians?"

"For the same reason as the men: to save their souls."

"But they have no souls!" he exclaimed; "and consequently you cannot make Christians of them. When I get home, I will tell my wife that she has a soul, and she will be not a little astonished to hear it."

Beyond the culture of cotton and the rearing of silk-worms, there is no employment for female hands; which makes them a heavy burden to their parents, and often the cause of poverty. Hence the number of infanticides committed on female children, in spite of the severity of the laws, and the frequent interference of the authorities. In 1848 the criminal judge of the Province of Canton was obliged to issue an edict, which contained this remarkable passage:

"Although there are establishments for foundlings of the female sex, nevertheless we have been unable to destroy the revolting practice which is an outrage to morality and civilization, and which breaks the harmony of Heaven. Children of both sexes belong to the harmony of Heaven; and if a daughter is born to you, you ought to bring her up, although she be not of the same value to you as a boy. If you kill her, how can you hope to have sons? How is it that you are not afraid of the consequences of your unworthy conduct, and especially of the justice of Heaven? You will repent of it after your life, but it will then be too late. If you abandon your daughters, when you are discovered you will be punished according to the laws, for you are unnatural; and for the crime of murdering your infants, you are unworthy of any indulgence."

The daughters whom they condescend to rear have a sad and isolated lot; they remain shut up in the paternal mansion, solely occupied with sewing and housewifery. Wealthy parents give them a slight education, but in general their instruction is confined to needle-work. No public school is open for girls.—When they are old enough to marry, their parents think much less about their future happiness than of their own private interest, and solely endeavor to conclude a sort of bargain by selling them to the highest bidder. Their father and mother, or in default of them their nearest relations, exercise an absolute authority over the marriage of children; young people are allowed to have no will in the matter. Sometimes two friends bind themselves by an oath to marry their unborn babes, if they turn out of different sexes. The promise is sealed by tearing their tunics, each giving to the other the portion rent off. Unions formed under such conditions as these are scarcely likely to be of long duration. Incompatibilities of temper soon declare themselves, and the woman, being the weakest, suffers the most; for the husband has complete authority over her. He may ill treat her with impunity, and may compel her to associate with several secondary wives.

Nevertheless, Buddhism and Lamaism, which permit women to take a certain part in public worship, afford an opportunity for some of them to escape from the sorrows of social life by making a religious and monastic profession, under the title of Bonzesses; and their number has considerably increased under the Tartar domination. There is also a female sect called the Abstinents, especially in the southern provinces. It is a corporation of ascetics, who make a vow to abstain from everything that has enjoyed life, and to eat nothing but vegetables. They go in procession to certain pagodas, and hope, as the reward of their devotion, to obtain the transmigration of their souls into the bodies of men—the ne plus ultra of their ambition.

The low opinion which the Chinese entertain of women may be gathered from their proverbs relating to them: A bad husband is sometimes a good father; a bad wife is never a good mother. A husband must be very foolish to be afraid of his wife; but a wife is a hundred thousand times more foolish not to be afraid of her husband. Four things are required of a woman: that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty shine on her forehead, that gentleness flow from her lips, and that work employ her hands. To cultivate virtue is the science of men, and to renounce science is the virtue of women. Silence and blushes are the eloquence of woman; modesty is her courage. A woman never praises without calumniating. Their tongue is women's sword, and they never let it grow rusty.

A Curious "Alias."—A remarkable instance exists in Cumberland of a family whose name is Oldcorn *alias* Robinson. They have been so called for many generations; and not merely in common parlance, but so written in wills and deeds. The tradition of its origin is, that an ancestor of the family, a *statesman*, hoarded his grain; and a scarcity happening, he was the lucky holder of a large stock, and realized so much by his *old corn* as to acquire the name, and also considerable property. The property is said to have been dissipated by a gambling descendant, who fell a prey to sharpers by being placed with his back to a looking-glass so adjusted as to enable a confederate to see his cards in it. The name remained to the family, who to this day write themselves Old-corn *alias* Robinson.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A medical journal says that single women have the headache more than married ones. That may be; but don't married men have the headache oftener than single ones?

☞ Be careful how you jest. The richest joke of the season may be a very unseasonable one, and produce a very bad crop.

IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?

Eminent French, English, and American physicians advocate the doctrine that "consumption is catching." Morgagni, one of the greatest medical lights of his time, was such a firm believer in the opinion, that he never would assist in the examination of a person who had died of the disease. Some of the most distinguished writers as well as some of the most celebrated and successful practitioners in that disease have eventually died of it themselves, among whom were the great Laennec, Morton, Wooster, and not forgetting the empiric St. John Long, (so said.)

A large number of persons evidently consumptive will be found on inquiry to have had a husband, wife, sister, or child to have died of that disease. Statistics seem to show that a wife whose husband is consumptive, is more liable to consumptive disease than a healthy husband with a consumptive wife; the reason of this, if true, will suggest itself to the thoughtful.

Introducing the matter of small-pox into the system prevents small-pox. Laennec inoculated himself with consumptive matter but it did not "take." He subsequently died of consumption himself. He made this experiment to show that consumption was not inoculable. MM. Alberti and Biett thought that cancer was not communicable by the matter of cancer, and to prove it, tried to inoculate themselves with it but it did not "take." Both of them died afterwards from cancer.

It is most probable that consumption is not of itself communicable, that it cannot beget consumption in one who has vigorous health, and is perfectly free from all taint of the disease. But if any person who has not a vigorous constitution or not, lives, eats and sleeps with a consumptive, as man and wife do, as a sister is apt to do with a consumptive sister, or a mother with consumptive children, such persons will very generally die of consumption themselves, not from its communicability *per se*, but from the foulness of the atmosphere about a consumptive, from warm rooms, decaying lungs, large expectoration, sickening night-sweats and bodily emanations; but the same amount of exposure to air made foul in any other way would light up the fires of consumption in one of feeble vitality or broken constitution. It is best, therefore, that the nurse of a consumptive should possess the most vigorous health, and to make assurance from infection doubly sure, the most scrupulous cleanliness possible should be observed and carried out in every conceivable direction, extended to every minutiæ and obtained with the most inveterate constancy through every hour of the twenty-four, not allowing any excretion, even a single expectoration, to remain about the person, bed or room for one instant. An incessant ventilation should be going on in the chamber, the best method for which under most circumstances is simply to keep a fire on the hearth and an inner door open; even in mid-summer, this is better for the patient as well for the nurse than a room kept closed all the time from an almost insane dread of taking cold.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A SWEET IDEA.

Note the following good one of the facetious performance of the late J. B. Squibob, who once on a time, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, was sorely mystified by a modest little sign, standing in the window of a neat little shop, on the left hand side as you go down. The sign bore, in gaily painted letters, the legend: "Washington Ladies' Depository." Flattening his nose against the window, Squibob descried two ladies whom he saw as of exceeding beauty, neatly dressed, and busily engaged in sewing behind a little counter. The foreground was filled with lace caps, babies' stockings, compresses for the waist, capes, collars and other articles of still life. Hat in hand, Squibob reverentially entered, and with intense politeness, addressed one of the ladies as follows:

"Madam, I perceive by your sign that this is the Depository for Washington ladies. I am going to the North for a few days, and should be pleased to leave my wife in your charge; but I don't know if by your rules you could receive her, as she is a Baltimore woman."

One of the ladies, says Squibob, a pretty little girl in a blue dress, turning very red, and holding down her head, made the remark, *te he!* But the elder of the twain, after making as if she would laugh, but by a strong-minded effort holding in, replied:

"Sir, you have made a mistake; this is the place where the Society of Washington ladies deposit their work, to be sold for the benefit of the distressed natives of the island of Fernando de Formosa," or words to that effect.

Gravely did the wicked Squibob bow, all solemnly begging her pardon, and putting on his hat, walked off, followed by a sound from that depository as of an autumnal brook gurgling and babbling over its pebbly bed in a New England forest.

Remember.—Rothschild, with all his wealth, must be satisfied with the same sky that is over the head of the poor man. He cannot order a private sunset, that he may enjoy it with a select circle of friends, nor can he add one single ray to the clear, bright beams of the queen of night, as she sails magnificently through the heavens. The richest banker cannot have more than his share of the air to breathe, and the poorest of all men can have the same. Wealth may buy a brilliant bracelet, dazzling with diamonds and rubies, but wealth cannot buy a graceful and well-turned arm on which to display its splendor. God only can give that, and to many of the poor he has given it. "I wish I had the health of that rosy-cheeked peasant girl," sighs the aristocratic invalid, propped up with pillows in her costly carriage. "Ah, me," says the girl, "if I could only ride in such style as that." Wealth cannot purchase health, nor can it give a contented mind. All that is most valuable can be had for nothing. They come as presents from the hand of a kind and indulgent Father, and neither the air, nor sky, nor beauty, health, strength, and genius, can be bought and sold. Reader, whatever may be thy condition in life, remember these things, and be content.

CAPTIVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The wind that blows from out the stars,
And quivers on the sea,
Comes softly through my prison bars,
Yet brings no calm to me.
Strange spices from the woods of pine,
Lade down its bonny wings,
And in its old, uncertain rhyme,
A thousand whisperings
Of forest path and merry chase,
And bugles, shrill and clear,—
Break in upon this dismal place,
And wake repinings here.
Oh, wind of mine! Oh, woods of pine!
Oh, days gone by and dead!
My heart is faithful to "lang syne,"
Though fettered be my tread;
Though fettered be my hands about
With irons grim and cold—
My soul springs out to bugle shout,
As bravely as of old!
But yester morn I heard them sound—
I saw the hunters throng,
With white-plumed dames, with horse and hound,
The breezy hills among;
I saw them pass,—my heart nigh burst,
My fettered hands were torn—
Oh, slave! thy mother must have cursed
The day that thou wast born!

But peace! oh, peace! a sunbeam shakes
Its showery brightness down,
And vesper chimes, across the lakes,
Upon the wind are blown—
Across the lakes, across the sea,
The purple sea of Death—
That silver chime peals out to me,
And stirs my fainting breath.
While bugles ring and hounds up-spring,
And hunters press the sward—
I seem to stand a trembling thing,
Alone before the Lord!
Like dreams go by the woods of pine,
All sounds grow faint to me—
Oh, Night! my breaking chains are thine,
To-morrow sets me free!

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ah, all in vain, these passionate tears!
The dull despair—the heavy pain
My soul must feel through future years,
Will never touch *his* heart again!

While I—if love again, with me,
Another shape and form could know,
'Twould be no stranger sight to see
Red roses blooming in the snow! M. B.

Regina moved very softly across the room, and standing opposite the Earl, looked at him with a very peculiar interest. His illness, though short, had been severe, and she scarcely recognized him. His face was very thin and very pale, and the long beard he still wore, added to that pallor; his temples were hollow, his eyes sunken, and his once powerful frame was stretched languidly out in the easy chair, while his thin white hands fell nervously on the crimson velvet cushions, looking still thinner and whiter from the contrast with the brilliant color. All the strength of which he had been so proud was gone; a hectic flush stained his pale cheek, and the chestnut curls scarcely hid the blue veins distinctly traced upon temple and forehead. He looked more like a dying man than like the proud Earl of Charlemount she had seen before; and what touched her still more deeply, he looked like Alfred. Illness had brought out that expression which rude health had concealed—as we sometimes catch the familiar aspect of a daguerreotype in the shade, though we looked for it in vain while the sun was shining brightly on the plate.

Touched by this resemblance, she drew nearer, and leaning against his chair, mused, as she gazed, upon that old time which had been quite as happy as the new, and that old love which had not failed her till death interposed between them. Her eyes were dim with tears, when the Earl, starting suddenly from his slumber, looked up at her. For one moment he seemed puzzled and confused; a glance around the unfamiliar room recalled everything to his mind, and he half rose from his chair.

"Sit still, my lord," said Regina, going back to her old place by the fire. "I do not think you are fit to move."

"Is it possible that I have been asleep?" he said, looking very much distressed. "What must you think of me?"

"I am very glad you have rested so well," was her kind reply. "You look so ill that I was quite frightened when I first came into the room. You really must not rise."

"Pardon me, I have no right to sit here. I have not yet heard that I am forgiven for the unmanly insult—"

Even as he spoke, the color fled from his face, and he sat down again and leaned his head upon the cushions of his chair. Regina ran into the study, and returning with a glass of water, held it to his lips. He drank feebly; she went back, brought out a little flask of eau-de-cologne, and pouring it over her handkerchief, bathed his temples with it. The faintness passed away, and he opened his eyes once more and looked up at her with a smile.

"You are very kind. Say you forgive me!"

"I forgive you! Partly, because you are Alfred's brother—and partly, because I don't think you would write that letter now."

"I would die first!" he murmured; and taking the hand she held out to him, he raised it to his lips. However different Regina might be from other women in many things, she had all a woman's love of nursing and petting an invalid; and now she arranged the cushions more comfortably under his head, and brought a stool for his feet, before she sat down beside him, and prepared to listen to what he had to say.

"How different all this is from what I had fancied!" he said with a smile. "I scarcely thought you would allow me to enter the house."

"To tell the truth, I should not have done so, only for what had happened. Prudence let you in while I was locked up in my room, and gave me such a pitiful account of your appearance, that I could not help coming to see you."

"I am much obliged to Prudence."

"You may well be; for she sings your praises with all her heart. But I am also obliged to her. I should have sent for you to-night. I should have sent for you before, if I had known what I now know."

"Did you not hear it?" asked Charlemount, wonderingly.

"They knew it here in the house; but for the last ten days I have been shut up in my own room, and have not seen the face of any human being!"

A red flush stole up to Charlemount's cheek. Well he knew how those ten days must have been spent; and for the first time he was conscious of a wish that he had not reserved his fire.

"It has been a miserable business!" he exclaimed.

"Quite right. Still we must talk about it, if you are strong enough."

"I am. And I have wished to see you ever since that night—to tell you that Clifford—"

"Not his name!" said Regina; putting her hand suddenly to her heart. "It is worse to me now than the bullet was to you!"

She smiled, as she said it—but he saw the pallor that spread over her face, and noticed, for the first time, the furrow on her brow. He knew then that so far as Regina's love was concerned, his deep laid plans had been in vain. If he would win her he must neither ask for tenderness on her part, nor show much of it himself—he must make her long to revenge herself upon his rival through him—and trust to future years of close intimacy to do the rest.

"We will name no names!" he said, very gently. "But tell me what you have heard of our meeting?"

"That he insulted you!"

"Most deeply!"

"That he struck you!"

Charlemount's eye flashed.

"He did! No other man could have done that, and lived! Yet I—"

"Yet you refused to fire at him; while you risked your own life! My lord, I can find no words to tell you how I admire you for your gallant conduct!"

He smiled sadly.

"If I was gallant, as you say, do you know why?"

She did not answer.

"A blow is only to be washed out by the blood of him who gives it. That blow still burns upon my cheek—it disgraces me in my own eyes—if not in those of my friends. Yet, I will bear it—as I have borne it—for your sake, and because that man is dear to you!"

"Was!"

"I will not contradict you."

"Tell me more of that evening. Did he mention my name?"

"He was about to do so. I stopped him."

"Thank you."

"Do you know of what he accused you?"

"Yes."

"He had been here, then, that day?"

"Just before he came to you. But let that pass. May I ask if the accusation was true?"

"It was not."

"Ruth and I changed rooms, the day we returned. Were you at her window that evening? Tell me honestly."

"I was not."

She looked at him very searchingly.

"My lord, are you telling me the truth?"

"I am."

"I confess I was surprised at the tale I heard. But if it was not you, who could it have been?"

He looked at her as if about to speak, and then checked himself.

"What were you going to say, my lord? If you know anything of this mystery, I beg you will clear it. For, apart from all other things, I begin to feel seriously uneasy about Ruth. I have heard nothing of her all this time."

"I can tell you of her. She is safe."

"How do you know that," she asked, suspiciously, "if you were not really with her on that evening?"

"I will tell you, though possibly she would not thank me for it. Do you know that I have a brother living?"

"I never heard of it."

"Few people ever have heard of him, poor fellow! for he does not bear our family name."

"Ah! I understand."

"In spite of his being the illegitimate son of my father, we have always been fond of each other. He is much younger than myself; but since poor Alfred died, we have been constantly together,—nay, in some of his mad pranks, he has even borrowed my name and title. He did so in this case; but he promised me faithfully that he would explain it all to Ruth before he married her. We have been busy lately, contriving the sale of a part of the property not entailed; that is to be my wedding gift to him. Believe me, I spared no pains to make him do justice to your friend, after I found that she was dear to you, and it was through me that they met and corresponded, while you were abroad."

"He was with you in Paris?"

"Yes; and returned with me the very day you left. But as he was anxious to marry Ruth at once, and as privately as possible, he persuaded her to leave you. He had a vague idea that you would oppose the match if you knew about it, on account of his birth. But it was wrong and imprudent to do as he did; and I gave him a long lecture, I can assure you, when he came that night and told me of it."

"You knew of the meeting, then?"

"Only after it had taken place. Harry took Howe with him when he came, and he was to have accompanied Ruth the next day, but I could not spare him, and another servant was sent in his stead. I should have come to tell you all this that very evening, if it had not been for that unfortunate duel."

"Is your brother like you?"

"So much that he caused all this trouble, as you know. His eyes and hair are a little darker than mine, but our features are the same. We are both like the Erlinfords."

"Are you sure he will marry Ruth?"

"There is no fear. In the first place, he loves her, although he did desert her. In the second place, I have made it his interest to be kind to her, by settling the property on her and her children. With his own allowance from the estate, they will get on very well. I am expecting each day to hear that the knot is tied."

In spite of her knowledge of the world, Regina was one of the most unsuspicious creatures that ever lived. Worthless as she believed human nature, in the mass, to be, she was always ready to credit its goodness in individual cases. If any one professed love or friendship for herself, that was not to be very easily credited; but if they seemed kind and thoughtful of *another's* welfare, her faith in their good intentions was absolutely unbounded. So it happened that it never entered her head to doubt the truth of Charlemount's little romance; and looking at him with an admiring glance, she said, very frankly,

"My lord, I cannot tell you how much pleasure all this gives me! If all men were like you, this world would be a better and a brighter place to live in."

"Do you think so?"

He could not meet her eyes as he asked the playful question. The utter shame he felt—the loathing he had of himself for the part he was playing, was so intense, that the terrible pain of his wound had been nothing in comparison to it. Reckless and wicked as he had been for years, he had always held fast to a kind of honor of his own; above all, till he knew Regina, he had scorned to utter a falsehood, even of the most trivial kind. How was it now with him? False friend—false lover he had already proved—and all to win that woman who sat looking gravely into the fire, as little like the bright capricious, teasing creature Clifford had described her, as he himself was like that ideal Charlemount he knew she was thinking of at that very moment. Should he go on, and sink into yet lower depths, that he might gain her heart? Yes; for she drew him after her with a force he could not resist; he loved her as he had never fancied a human being could love before; and, come what might, he must teach her to return that love—must know that she was all his own—and, what was more, *forever* his own.

"I have one more question to ask," said Regina, breaking the long silence. "What of him?"

"He has left Paris."

"Have you heard?"

"Yes. The strangest fact of the whole business is, that as soon as the shot was fired, all his anger seemed to vanish. Poor Harry could not have looked more unhappy if he had fired at me by mistake; and Harry never could have written a kinder letter than I got from him to-day."

If Regina's lips did not say, "Show that letter to me," her eyes did; and taking it from his note-case, he put it into her hand—it was very short.

"My Dear Charlemount:—

"Your kind, forgiving letter reached me three days ago, and I accepted the appointment at once. I have wronged you—I feel it in my heart—and it may be many years before I shall dare to look you in the face again! I was beside myself that night; but the fever has left me now. I believe all you say about *her;* but you are wrong in thinking I shall return to tell her so. I may look for no forgiveness there—nor does it matter much. I could never sleep, and dream *that* dream! No, I leave Regina to one who deserves her far better than I. May she be happy with him. Good-bye, Charlemount! I shall not forget you in those lonely wilds of Tasmania, believe me! Clifford.

"P. S. We are off. Farewell to old England—to you—and to all who have been dear to me there!"

The letter dropped from her hands.

"Gone!"

"I have told you too suddenly," said Charlemount, bending over her anxiously.

"No—no! When will he come back?"

"In a year or two, I dare say."

"Not before?"

"No; he has joined the Tasmanian expedition. When I found how miserable he was, and how determined he was not to return to England, I got that appointment for him again. The expedition ought to have started in August; but, luckily for him, it was delayed till now."

She sat looking at him as if she had been turned into stone.

"You see he does you justice at last. I told him without compromising Ruth, that you were not at the window on that night. At length he is convinced."

"And it has taken him all this while to believe it?"

"Shall I tell you why?"

"If you can."

"He never loved you!"

"I know it, now!" she said, with an accent of quiet despair.

"But, though he was not conscious of it himself, I really believe he *did* love—"

"Who?"

"You have seen her!"

"Miss Erlinford!" cried Regina, instantly.

The Earl bowed.

"I thought as much!" Regina exclaimed. "I felt all the time that he was not mine, although I called him so. And she?"

"Only to you would I say it. She loves him!"

"Then it is all over, indeed! Well may he leave England, without one word of farewell to me! When he comes back it will be to her—not to me—that he will return!"

"Surely you would never have married him after he had left you in this way?"

"No—I suppose not! If he came to me, I should be hard and proud in an instant; but just now—just now I am very lonely, and I long to see him more than I can say!"

She laid her head down upon the arm of her chair, and sighed. Charlemount knelt beside her.

"Regina—if he does not love you, I do!" he whispered.

"Ah! do not speak of love; I never wish to hear the word again!" she answered, wearily.

"Only this once! Tell me that I may come sometimes to see you—that I may try to soothe you—that one day you will share my home, my rank, my fortune!"

"You would really make me Countess of Charlemount?"

"Indeed, I would!"

There was no doubting that face, those eyes, or that tone—but she put him gently aside.

"No, my lord, it cannot be! I have no more love to give! My heart is too tired—too sore—too utterly worn out!"

"I do not ask for love; only let me try to make you happier," he pleaded.

Still she shook her head.

"He throws you off! he gives you to me! You can, at least, wring his heart in this way!"

"He would not care!" she said.

"I know that he would. Though he does not wish to marry you, he is proud of your love for him; and it would be a bitter day—let him disguise it as he liked—when he heard that you had given yourself to me!"

Regina mused a long time. At last she raised her hand, looked at it a moment, and laid it in the Earl's. He raised it to his lips, and then taking a diamond from his own finger, he placed it above his brother's ring.

"Not a word, now!" she whispered. "Go, and when I can, I will send for you."

She rang the bell beside her chair, and Howe appeared at the door. Leaning on his arm, the Earl went slowly out of the room, his heart beating so with the sudden joy that he could scarcely walk. Regina, left alone, looked first at her black dress, and then at the gem, with a melancholy smile.

* * * * * *

There is no mission on earth so painful, and at the same time so awkward, as that of "breaking" things to people. It is a useless piece of mercy, moreover, for the very air and manner of the messenger shows that he has bad news in store, before there has been time for him to open his lips; and the diplomacy with which he manages to delay the precise information for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—though exercised with the kindest intentions—resembles, in no slight degree, the proceedings of a camp of Indians, who, having doomed some captive chief to the stake, apply a torch now and then to his naked limbs, by way of foretaste of the wholesale roasting about to be endured and enjoyed by the different parties.

Charlemount was, possibly, too blunt and honest for this kind of work. He knew, when he knocked at Mr. Erlinford's door, one lovely autumn morning, that he was about to give great pain to one who was dear to him as a sister; he hated the task, and yet, because no one could perform it but himself, he set about it with a kind of dogged kindness, very much as a tender-hearted surgeon—there *are* such anomalies existing—amputates a limb for *some poor, shrieking woman in a hospital ward.* Crossing the hall, he entered the morning-room unannounced, and found Mrs. Erlinford, who had been seriously ill, propped up by pillows in an easy chair, and just making the tour of the apartment, under the footman's guidance, before she was wheeled away to her own bed-room, which was on the same floor.

"My dear George," she said, holding out her hand, "I am delighted to see you. But how dreadfully pale you are looking! You are not fit to be out, I am sure."

"Oh, I am getting on famously now. But are you better?"

"A great deal, I think. I am to leave town next week. Fancy our being cooped up in London at this time of the year."

"For my part, I like it exceedingly. I made the discovery, several years ago, that London is never so pleasant a place to live in as when everybody is out of town. Since I have been well enough to drive about, I have found no cause for complaint. But you—with that low fever hanging about you, the noise and the close air must be disagreeable in the extreme."

"Oh, the street has been kept very still, thanks to Edwards and the policeman. As for the air, I confess I shall not object to exchange it for that of Erlinford Hall. Helen looks like a ghost already. I tried to make her go down with my brother's family two weeks ago, but she would not hear of it, and she has watched beside me night and day, though there was no real need of it, till she has worn herself to a perfect shadow."

"She is the kindest and best of human beings!" said Charlemount, musingly. "And I want very much to say ten words to her.—Where is she?"

"In my room, I believe. She went there to fill the vases with fresh flowers. Shall I send her to you?"

"Are you going? Do you not sit up longer than this?"

"Three hours at a time. That is all the doctor will allow just yet. But next week I shall make amends for it. I wish you would go down with us, George."

"I—I don't think—I cannot leave town just yet," said Charlemount, turning very red.

Mrs. Erlinford looked at him keenly, and drawing him nearer, whispered, so that the footman, who had retired to the window, need not hear,

"George, do you mind telling me if your duel was really about her?" and she nodded her head, mysteriously, in the direction of Brompton, as she thought, but really towards Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge.

"About Regina?" said Charlemount, in a low tone. "It certainly was."

"Lady Castlebarnet told me so; but I would not believe it. How could you, my dear George—"

"My dear Mrs. Erlinford," was the grave reply, "what was I to do? Clifford was in the wrong—he admits it now—but, at the time, he insulted her most grossly, and I defended her."

"But you did not know her!"

"No; I only knew that she was a woman, and that she was accused of an imprudence she had never been guilty of—that she was belied—and so I fought!"

"My dear George, that sentiment would bring down the gallery, if you were on the stag of a theatre over the water," said Mrs. Erlinford, with a sneer.

"No doubt. I dare say the members of the gallery would do the same thing themselves if they had the opportunity. An Englishman, whether he happens to be a City shopboy or a peer of the realm, is not very apt to allow any woman to be wronged, if he can help it!"

"Better and better!" said Mrs. Erlinford, applauding gently. "You positively must go upon the boards! You are a knight of old!—you are a Don Quixote, without the rusty armor and the sorry nag! So kind of you to take up the fair damsel's quarrel—without the hope of the slightest reward, or even of any acknowledgment, it may be, from the lady herself!"

A ray of light flashed in upon the mind of the bewildered Earl at the close of this speech. His cousin was angry—not so much because he had fought, as because she fancied Regina had managed to wound her gallant knight even more deeply than his opponent had done. He could not help smiling at the thought, but he bowed low before her to hide that smile.

"You are cruel," he said. "When I fight again, I shall do my best to keep you in ignorance of it."

"Do so, by all means—especially when you see fit to fight in such a cause!"

"What can have changed you so? I have heard you say often that you believed Regina to be a thoroughly good woman!"

"It is a woman's privilege to alter her mind!" said Mrs. Erlinford, sharply.

"Ten times a minute, if she likes."

"Very well! I have used my privilege—that is all!"

"But you wrong Regina by doing so!"

"Possibly!"

"There is nothing she values like her good name!"

"She should take better care of it, then!"

"But, my dear cousin, consider for a moment. If Clifford chose to invent or imagine anything wrong about her, and proclaim it to all London, is that a reason why all London should at once believe it?"

"Was he not engaged to her!"

"Why—yes!"

"And he was very fond of her?"

"I suppose so—after a fashion of his own."

"It was a fashion that was going to make him marry her, at all events!"

"Yes!"

"Then, is it likely that he would invent anything for the sake of getting rid of a woman whom he adored?"

"But, my dear friend, he says himself now that he does not believe it."

"To whom?"

"To me! I have the letter at home—I will go and bring it to you."

In his eagerness, he was about to rush from the room, but she detained him.

"Don't go, George. I do not wish to see the letter. What can it possibly matter to me?"

"Only that Regina is a woman—"

"*No one denies it!*"

"It is cruel to condemn her like this!"

Mrs. Erlinford smiled.

"She has plenty of defenders, it seems!"

"By Jove! it is too bad! I have always heard that women were more cruel to each other than any one could possibly imagine, but did not quite believe it."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Erlinford, waving her hand. "Think of women as you please, and of Regina as you please; we will not quarrel over her. I must run away and leave you, now. Shall I send Helen?"

"Yes," said the Earl, rather sulkily.

"You are vexed with me, but some day you will see that I was right. I only wish to open your eyes in time, and to keep you, if possible, from entangling yourself, as that unfortunate Clifford—"

"Pray do not speak of him!"

"Poor fellow! Well, there, don't look so vexed, my dear George. Good-bye! and do try and go down to Erlinford Hall with us. I shall tell Helen to ask you, and I do not think you will refuse her—your *gallantry* will forbid!"

Summoning Edward from the obscurity of the window-curtains, she waved an adieu to her cousin with a mischievous smile. Charlemount held the door open, and bowed profoundly as it closed upon the wheeled chair and its occupant—but he would not speak; and until he had taken one or two quick turns through the rooms, and relieved his feelings by uttering a very naughty word in the ambush of his beard, he could not trust himself to meet Helen, or to tell her in a proper manner what he had come expressly to say. It was not long before she entered, followed by an old French governess, who posted herself in the most distant corner of the room, and prepared to "play propriety," by fixing her eyes intently on some nondescript embroidery she held in her hand. Helen went up and greeted Charlemount with a smile; but it soon faded away, and left her gazing at him with anxious eyes. Her mother was right. She was, indeed, but the shadow of her former self; and yet, pale and sad as was the young face, it was even more beautiful than before. As Regina needed some strong emotion—anger, or love, or hatred—to develope her peculiar style of beauty, so Helen Erlinford only gained an added charm from the pensive melancholy that paled the rose tint on her cheek, and gave a dreamy softness to her deep blue eyes. They both suffered from the same cause; but one built up an iron rampart around her grief, and hid herself from all eyes behind it if a sudden pang of memory came on—while the other let that grief pervade her heart, and soul, and nature, like a silent lake, into whose dim recesses she gazed with tearful eyes, and on whose borders grew the pale flowers of resignation, meekness, and gentle endurance.

Charlemount wished himself a thousand miles away, as those blue eyes looked steadily into his own.

"Do you know what I have come to say, Helen?" he asked. "Do you know what has happened lately?"

"Mamma told me, just as she was taken ill, that you and—that you had fought a duel, George!"

"It was quite true! You know with whom?"

"Yes, now! But I did not at first."

"Were you angry with me?"

"No!"

"I would not have fought if I could have helped it. But he struck me!"

"I am glad neither of you were killed!" she said, thoughtfully.

"Yes—it was a narrow chance! We fired over the table!"

Helen shuddered.

"But you have heard all this before! One thing, however, you may not know—very few do know it for a certainty. Where do you think Mr. Clifford is?"

He asked the question in an off hand, careless way, as if he had been speaking of an ordinary acquaintance, and did not look at her as he uttered the name. There was a short silence. Then she answered, quietly,

"In France, I believe!"

"He was till last week. But now he has gone away."

"Where?"

"To Tasmania!"

"With the expedition?"

"Yes!"

"When will he return?"

"I do not know! From what he says, I fancy will be many years. You must know that we made up our quarrel at once, and I had the pleasure of getting his appointment for him. He is a fine fellow, after all; and I never had a friend I could have loved better, if he would have let me!"

Helen did not answer. She sat leaning her head upon her hand, gazing steadily at the carpet, with her face turned slightly away from him. A German band in the square was playing the air of "Love not." The windows were open, and every note fell on her ear with sickening distinctness. In after years, when she was once more happy and at rest, the sound of that melody never failed to bring back a momentary recurrence of the pang with which she listened to it then.

Charlemount, seeing her so unmoved outwardly, congratulated himself on the clever manner in which he had broken the news to her. Here would be no closed doors for ten days—here no tabooing a name—here no tragic scenes, as at the Brompton Cottage! However deeply Helen might have allowed her feelings to be entangled, she was an English girl—both too proud to show what she suffered, and too "plucky" to pine and waste away any longer for a man who evidently did not care three straws for her. It was a comfort to deal with such a girl, he said mentally—a comfort to see that every woman on earth did not take leave of her senses the moment a love affair went a little askew! The truth was that Charlemount had private reasons of his own for grumbling over Regina's conduct since their engagement, and, therefore, was ready to admire Helen's delicate reserve—little thinking that the gentle heart was wounded, perhaps, even more deeply than the proud one, and would find love, and *forgiveness*, and welcome for the wanderer, when the other could only bestow on him a cold and bitter scorn.

Finding she did not seem inclined to resume the conversation, he broached another to her.

"My dear Helen, you were my pet and playmate once—you have been my good friend always!"

"Yes, Charlemount?" she said, rousing herself from her painful reverie, and looking at him with a gentle smile.

He took her hand, but dropped it the next instant, for it was cold as ice.

"I will not trouble you with my plans and hopes now; you are ill!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken, George!"

"Look at that hand!"

"It is nothing! I have been sitting with mamma since she has been ill, and I am tired—that is all! Pray go on with what you were saying!"

"You are sure I shall not bore you?"

"You never can do that, George. Whatever interests you, interests me. You ought to know that by this time."

"Well, dear Helen, I am going to be married!"

She looked up with one of her old bright smiles.

"I am very glad to hear it!"

"Hush! Speak low!" he said, glancing towards the old governess, who was nodding over her embroidery. "I wonder if you will still say you are glad when you know who the lady is?"

"Tell me, and see!"

"Regina!"

Helen started back, and her whole face was suffused with crimson.

"Why, George, I thought—that is, I heard—that she was about to marry Mr. Clifford!" she said, in an agitated voice.

"She has changed her mind!"

"It is very sudden—very strange!"

"You would not say *so if* you knew all; and I don't see why you should not!"

"Nor I, George!"

"Well, I will tell you. Clifford slandered her—left her in one of his jealous fits—and came and insulted me by saying I had met her at her own house on the evening before. I need not tell you it was false. Regina has lived as pure a life as ever a woman lived in England."

"I am sure of it, George."

"Thank you!" and he raised the little cold hand to his lips. "He believes it now, but still he does not wish to return to her. And I have won the prize he did not know how to value. Regina has consented to marry me!"

"When?"

Charlemount's face grew dark.

"Ah, only the Fates can tell that! She does not care for me, Helen!"

"How can you say so? Are you going to be jealous, too?"

"If I am I shall never leave her—be sure of that! I love her with all my heart and soul, Helen! I have done things to win her—" He checked himself suddenly, and went on in a calmer tone—"and, after all, she has not half so much affection for me as you have!"

"You must give her time!"

"She takes it of herself! What will you think when I say that I have never spoken to

her since the day we were engaged—and that, by the way, was the day of our first meeting!"

Helen looked quite amazed.

"How long ago was that, George?"

"A week!"

"Have you tried to see her?"

"I have been out there every day, but could only get the answer from Prudence that her mistress was not yet well enough to receive visitors. There she is, ill in bed, for aught I know, and I am fretting myself into a shadow, without the slightest hope of being allowed to comfort or care for her! It is enough to drive one mad!"

"Have you written?"

"Every day, also—quires of note paper! I never wanted to touch a pen before, but now it is seldom out of my hand. And I don't believe she reads one of these notes—I don't, indeed!"

Helen could not help smiling at his despairing look and tone.

"I dare say she keeps them all under her pillow, George!"

"Very little you know of her if you imagine that! Look! After begging and praying for an answer for seven days, that is what I got!"

He took a tiny note from his breast pocket, and thrust it into her hands. It ran thus:—

"My Dear Charlemount,—

"I am really not well enough to see you, but be patient, and I will send you a message as early as possible. Thank you very much for the books and flowers you have sent.

"Regina."

"Is this all?" asked Helen.

"All? Yes; and I dare say she thought she had done something wonderful in writing it. By heaven, Tom Moore was very right." And he quoted:—

> "'Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
> And not to love, more painful still;
> But, oh, it is the worst of pain
> To love and not be loved again!'

Do you know," he continued, "I always used to imagine that was only written to fill up a page, or a verse, but I have caught myself saying it a thousand times this week. Do you think she ever will love me, Helen?"

"I am sure she will, Charlemount. You are too good not to be loved."

"You think so; but you are a partial judge," said the Earl, turning confusedly away. "I am glad I am *not* 'good;' but that does not matter. At all events, she will be mine, and when she sees how fond I am of her, she will treat me differently."

"Here is your note, George!"

He looked at it half angrily, half fondly, as he folded it up and put it away.

"The worst of it is, Helen, that I am always remembering Clifford, and how differently she felt towards him."

"Was she fond of him?"

"If you saw her, now that he has left her, you would not ask."

"Is she ill?"

"For ten days she never left her room, and I dare say she has shut herself up again now. She looks like a ghost. It is exceedingly pleasant for me."

"George," said Helen, laying her hand lightly on his, "will you take my advice?"

"Let me hear it first."

"Break off this marriage!"

"Are you mad?" he added, impatiently. "You might as well ask me to break my neck! It would amount to the same thing in the end!"

"You will never be happy with Regina!"

"Why not?"

"Has she ever said she loved you?"

"No! She never will say it, till it is true! But I thought you were pleased with the plan. Only a moment ago, you said you were sure she would learn in time!"

"What you have just told me alters the case. Regina is not a woman to forget; and if she was so very fond of him, you can never take his place! I really believe she is only about to marry you out of pique!"

"You have guessed it! The only way I could get her to consent was by showing her how wretched she could make Clifford!"

"Do you really think he would care?"

"Care? Why, Helen, though he is too proud to say it, he loves her still; and I believe, in my heart, he fancies she will be true to him, and that all will go right when he comes back again. As if Regina was a woman to dance attendance on any one who has offended her in such a way!"

Helen sighed, and said no more. One of those impish thoughts, which come so often to frail mortals, in the disguise of "good motives," crossed her mind. If, indeed, this was so, and Clifford returned to Regina, what hope was left for her? On the other hand, Regina could not well be miserable with the Earl. Why should she interfere, or try to place a happiness he longed so for, entirely out of his reach?

"You see," he continued, "that I do not deceive myself in the least. But she does not absolutely hate me; indeed, she has rather a kindness for me, on account of some one she used to know, who is now dead. Add to this, that she loves luxury, and rank, and wealth, and power. I can lay them all at her feet. She is proud—as proud as Lucifer before his fall, and I can help her to revenge herself on one who has slighted her. Is not that a sufficient foundation to build some hopes of happiness on, my little sister?"

"I should be sorry to build my own on such a very slight one!" said Helen, frankly.

Charlemount sighed.

"Well, you have found out by this time, I dare say, that one cannot have everything one wants in this world. I learned the lesson while you were in your pinafores, and I have learned it so well, that I am inclined to be satisfied—that is, I should be, if she would but try to get over this foolish fancy. I know she could do it if she tried; but you women positively seem to enjoy being miserable, and you keep the arrow rankling in the wound, long after we should have pulled it out by main force, and washed away all traces of the hit."

Helen raised her blue eyes to his face.

"Ah, Charlemount," she said, very softly, "it may not be the will that is wanting with us, but the strength."

He looked at her, half startled into a conviction that she was suffering more than he had thought, after all. But, intimate as they were, he dared not trench upon this forbidden ground.

"There was something else I wanted to ask you," he said, after a slight pause.

"What was it?"

"As soon as I see Regina, I shall urge her to marry me at once. There is no use in waiting. And I own frankly that I shall never know a moment's peace till I can call her Countess of Charlemount. The marriage will be a very quiet affair. And how long are you going to stay in town?"

"I think till the last of next week."

Charlemount fidgeted with his glove, and seemed to find great difficulty in what he was about to say.

"I wonder if your mother would consent to come to the church, Helen?"

"I am afraid not."

"It is strange what has prejudiced her so against Regina. There was a time when she would have actually gone to Brompton and called upon her, if Clifford could have promised her a welcome."

"I know!"

"Well, what has Regina done since? As for her believing that stupid story, it is all nonsense—no one believes it! What is the matter with her?"

Helen looked rather confused at this very straightforward question, but finally concluded that frankness was the best policy under all circumstances.

"Shall I tell you what I think Regina's crime is?"

"By all means!"

"She is to be Countess of Charlemount!"

"Well, what has your mother to do with that?"

"Not much, I confess!"

He looked at her in utter perplexity; but a somewhat mischievous smile trembling round her lips, enlightened him by degrees.

"You don't mean to say, my dear girl, that she wanted me to marry *you*?"

"You ask point blank questions, my lord."

"I give you my word I never thought of the thing before," he said, so *naively*, that she could not help laughing. "If it had been in any other place, I should have been on my guard. But you, my dear little friend—why it is the most preposterous thing I ever heard of!"

"You can set your heart at rest. I can assure you *I* was quite innocent of all designs upon your liberty!"

"Poor little Helen! I dare say you have led a life, if the truth was known. But it seems odd to me that no one ever knew, except Tom Grosvenor, what bird I was really trying to cage."

"I knew long ago!"

"Then a wonderful thing has happened, and a woman has kept a secret at last! There, don't look angry, my dear Helen! I am in a worse plight than ever. If Mrs. Erlinford refuses to come to the church, what shall I do?"

"Where is Ruth?"

"Ruth—eh? Oh, I don't know, I am sure," was the confused reply. "In the country, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"*She could accompany Regina!*"

"Oh, it is not exactly that! I want some of my own family to countenance the marriage. I could not ask you, but I thought your mother would not object. I wish, with all my heart, that I knew a manufactory for dowager aunts—I would order one at once!"

"When is it to be?"

"At any time she names! To-morrow, if she likes!"

"But the settlements?"

"They are all ready!"

"In a week!"

"We have been about them a longer time than that; and even lawyers can be driven fast when their road is paved with gold!" was the evasive reply.

"Would you like me to ask mamma if she would go?" said Helen. "It may make a difference when she learns you are really going to be married at once."

"Well, there is no harm in trying. Yes, go—but pray do not be long."

Helen left the room—the nodding governess remained to keep him company. Mrs. Erlinford was dozing in her chair as she entered the sick room, but roused herself at once, and turned a glance of the keenest interest upon her daughter's flushed and agitated face.

"Well, Helen, what do you wish for?"

"Charlemount sent me, mamma!"

"Indeed! What for?"

"To ask you a question."

"Very well, why do you not ask it, then?"

"Because, mamma," said Helen, bending over her chair, "I must first tell you some wonderful news."

"About him?"

"Yes."

"Is he going to settle down at last, and marry?"

"He is, indeed!"

Mrs. Erlinford grasped her daughter's hand convulsively.

"Is it you, Helen? Has he asked you?"

"No, mamma."

She could not add more, for the lady threw herself back in her chair, and went into violent hysterics, from which it took a quarter of an hour, two ladies'-maids, and a huge bottle of sal volatile to recover her. When she opened her eyes once more, they fell on Helen, who was rubbing her hands.

"Ungrateful, disobedient girl!" she exclaimed, tragically.

"Pray, mamma!—the servants are here!" said Helen in a whisper.

Mrs. Erlinford snatched away her hand, and ordered the ladies'-maids (who were already pricking up their ears) to leave the room.

"Now tell me more about this horrible business," she said, angrily. "I always knew it would end like this. If you had been like other girls, you might have been Countess of Charlemount to-day! But you never would make any use of your opportunities—and now I suppose that pale faced Lady Blanche Marsdale—"

"It is not Lady Blanche, mamma."

"Who then?"

"Regina!"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford, sitting bolt upright in her chair. "Has he been talking to you of *her*?"

"Yes, mamma."

"But he never was insane enough to tell you that he was going to marry *her*?"

"Indeed he did, mamma!"

"And what did he send you to me for, pray?"

"You know that her friend Ruth has gone away."

"Yes—do be quick, child!"

"Well, Regina has no female friends in London, and George thought that perhaps you would not mind being at the church when they were married."

Mrs. Erlinford sat perfectly dumb with astonishment and indignation. But Helen, taking her silence for consent, went on with her story.

"He will think it so very kind of you. He says he could not ask me—"

"Oh, he *did* say that, did he?"

"Yes—but may I tell him that you will consent?"

"If I go to see George Erlinford marry a stage actress who is no better than she should be—who——Go to your room, directly, Helen, and stay there till I send for you!"

"To my room directly! Why, mamma, George is waiting for your answer! What can you mean?"

"Where is your father?"

"Out—I don't know where."

"If he was at home, he should turn George out of the house at once!"

"Mamma!"

"To think that he should insult you by talking about that woman, who is not fit to be named before any young girl—"

"Mamma! you cannot really believe those things against her!"

"What things? What do you know about them? I dare say he has been telling you about *them* too! Miss Erlinford, I am ashamed of you!"

A deep flush burned on Helen's cheek, but she did not answer.

"And to think that he insults me—me, the wife of his cousin, and an Erlinford in my own right—by this vile proposal! Upon my word, I believe his head is turned—he cannot be in his right senses!"

"I do not see why you say so."

"No doubt you are delighted with the idea of this match—are you not?"

"I think it will make him happy in time."

"Not at once!"

"Scarcely, mamma; for Regina has not yet forgotten Clifford."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford. "What do you suppose she cared for Clifford, when this chance of becoming a Countess was within her reach? I have no doubt it was all a contrived plan on her part; and as for poor Charlemount, Bedlam is the only proper place for him, just at present."

"Then I shall tell him you refuse?"

"You will tell him nothing. Ring the bell, and give me that writing desk."

Helen obeyed.

A note was rapidly penned, and given by Mrs. Erlinford to the servant. She turned to her daughter as the door closed behind her.

"I request that you will not mention George's name again to me till I give you leave."

"Am I not to see him again?" asked Helen, in dismay.

"Certainly not! I do not think he will trouble us any more at present. Now go to your room, and try and get rid of that milk-maid flush upon your cheeks."

The note was duly presented to Charlemount, who was playing the devil's tattoo on the window-ledge, and wondering what could keep Helen away so long. He tore it open, and read as follows:—

"My lord, I beg to decline the very creditable invitation you have thought proper to send me by my daughter; and to request you (in the absence of Mr. Erlinford) to leave the house immediately. All intercourse between us must be suspended for the present.

"Anna Erlinford."

Charlemount stared at the note a moment, and, then, breaking into a low laugh, stuffed it into his pocket, and took up his hat and gloves.

"It's a very fine thing to be mother-in-law
To a very magnificent three tailed bashaw!"

he hummed, as he crossed the hall.

"Tell your mistress that her commands shall be obeyed," he said to the servant who opened the door for him; and, with a small sigh for poor Helen, he went down the steps.

A groom, coming up the square at a sharp trot, checked his horse on seeing him, sprang to the ground, and touched his hat.

"Beg pardon for following you, my lord," he said. "They told me you were here."

"Where have you come from?"

"Brompton, my lord."

"Any note—any message?"

The groom produced a note from his breast-pocket.

Charlemount snatched it from his hand, and read the welcome words:—

"My Dear Charlemount,—

"I am better now; if you like to come out, I will see you. Regina."

"Bravo! this makes amends for all!" he exclaimed, and then looking at the groom, added, "My good fellow, give me your horse, and go to Charlemount House, and tell them to bring the brougham out to the Cottage. You can come by that."

"Very well, my lord!" said the man, grinning delightedly at the guinea Charlemount tossed towards him for holding the stirrup.—And the gallant gray dashed off like the wind, bearing this ardent lover to his lady's feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ As the needle of a compass, when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses waves on either side, and seems indifferent in its courtship, and stands not still in the full enjoyment till after first a variety of motion, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety, and so is the conversion, and so is the enjoyment of a man brought into the kingdom by degrees.

NEWS ITEMS.

Death of a Boy from Standing on his Head.—On Friday last, several boys were playing in a freight car, trying which could stand the longest on his head. A little son of Thomas Lindsey stood thus nearly five minutes, when he was prevented from standing longer by one of the other boys. After gaining his feet he immediately ran home, complaining that his head hurt him, and in a few hours expired, the blood rushing to his brain causing apoplexy. Let the little boys be careful how they play.—*Lincoln (Ill.) Herald.*

Gold Jewelry is much worn by the ladies in Europe this season. The English papers are ridiculing the profusion of ornaments, and one of the London journals says: "We cannot believe that this yellow invasion of ear rings, waistbands and buckles is destined for a long existence; for if such were the case, European ladies would eventually look more like the fair sex in New Zealand than denizens of that quarter of the globe in which civilization has hitherto been marching hand in hand with good taste."

Ill of Consumption.—Lola Montez, whose life was despaired of several days ago, at New York, is picking up again, though her permanent recovery is not looked for. The seeds of consumption are so firmly rooted, it is said, that she will never be able to entirely remove them.

Benefactions for Religious Objects.—Mr. Peeler, who has realized $400,000 from the sale of a patent plough, has given one half of that amount to the Methodist Church South.

Miss Marion Bidewater Ruggles is announced by a Southern paper as the author of Rutledge. Miss Ruggles is of Southern birth.

Lake George doub less feels honored by the fact, that Baron Rothschild, of Paris, whose income is 16,000,000 francs a year, is sojourning on her banks. With his suite of ten "people" he is making a tour of our watering places.

Calculations based upon the most authentic returns have establi-hed that since the introduction of railroads into France, there has been only one traveller killed outright in every two millions of passengers, and only one wounded in every 500,000.

It is said that the estimate of the population of the West will not be borne out by the census. Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis will not come up to their estimates. The Chicago papers predict that the West will fall short at least one million in the estimated population.

Sparks Dumb.—Wm. Edwards, of Spring field, Massachusetts, left home one morning week before last, entirely well, and while working in a field, a singular feeling came over him, striking him dumb almost instantly, in which state he remains. When he reached home his wife asked him several questions, but receiving no answer she supposed him mad at her. Mr. Edwards is an important witness in a law suit to come off at the next criminal term, and the defendant is quite jolly over his misfortune.

The Czar of Russia has abandoned his scheme of emancipation. He proves not to be the man able to cope with the formidable obstacles to that policy. A rising of the serfs is expected.—*Paris Correspondent of the Boston Traveller.*

A Foolish Bet.—The editors and proprietors of the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Republican and of the Democrat have bet their offices, papers, types and everything (value $4 000) on the result of the election in Illinois and Wisconsin. If Douglas carries both States the editor of the Democrat is to take both concerns. If Douglas does not carry both States, then the editor of the Republican is the winner. Property to be delivered on the 4th of March next.

Cost of Building Telegraphs.—The ordinary cost of constructing telegraphic lines in this country, according to Prescott's "History of the Electric Telegraph," is about $62 per mile. According to the same authority, a line properly constructed would cost about $150 per mile. In England the cost is greater than with us, the lines more substantially built. The cost of lines in France is about $200 per mile, which gives a durability ten times as great as ours.

A One-Sided Balance Sheet.—A shoe manufacturer of London failed a few weeks ago, when his liabilities were found to be a quarter of a million of dollars, and his assets eleven thousand dollars.

A Young Lady "Completely Stripped."—On the Indiana and Cincinnati Railroad a pleasure party rode a short distance, when they alighted and stood around on the small platform, covering it completely, waiting to see the cars move before leaving for the woods. Just as the train started the skeleton skirt of one of the young ladies who happened to be standing close to the train, caught on a nut on the side of one of the cars, throwing her from her feet. Very fortunately the train was moving quite slowly at the time, or the consequences might have been more serious. As it was, the young lady was pretty roughly used.

A stout man in the party, seeing her condition, at once raised her in his arms, and pulled with all his strength, endeavoring to tear her loose; but the skirt was both strong and firmly fastened, and not until all the girl's underclothing was pulled from her body, and her dress torn to shreds, did he succeed. All this transpired while the train was moving a distance of twenty or thirty feet, when the conductor saw the danger and instantly checked its motion. Indeed, the girl was not entirely released until the train had stopped. After the excitement of the moment had passed, it was discovered that the soles of both the girl's shoes, by the resistance she had offered the train, had been completely stripped away, leaving the uppers upon her feet. Strange to say, she escaped any serious injury. She was immediately encircled by a number of her female friends, who conveyed her to the village where her wants were properly attended to.

Baby Lost and Found.—Quite an interesting scene took place at the Tennessee depot yesterday afternoon, under the following circumstances:—Just before the time of the departure, a "darkey" came running down the platform with a baby—yes, a live baby—in his arms, calling out, "Who's lost a baby?" "Who's lost a baby?" No one claiming the darling of its mother, our African friend poked his head in the ladies' car exclaiming, in quite a melodious voice, "Who loss dis chile?" when a lady arose and exclaimed, "God bless me—I forgot the darling little creature!"

The baby was placed in its mother's arms, when the "darkey" retired, highly delighted in his having restored the little one to its careless mamma.—*Lynchburg Republican.*

Free and Slave Territory.—According to the Census of 1850, the total area comprised in the United States and its Territories, amounted to 2,936,166 square miles, of which the States composed 1,464,105 square miles, or 49 86 per cent. of the whole, and the Territories 1,472 061, or 50.14 per cent. The area of the slave-holding States was 851,508 square miles, or 29.00 per cent. of the whole, while that of the non slaveholding States was 612,597 square miles, or 20.86 per cent. Since that time the non-slaveholding States have been increased by the admission of Minnesota and Oregon. The slaveholding States remain as at the last enumeration.

☞ An old Dutch acquaintance, some years ago, who was elected a member of the legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I vent to the legislatur I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was."

FOREIGN NEWS.

An important meeting, with reference to the encouragement of the growth of cotton in India, had been held in Manchester. Lord Stanley occupied the Chair.

In the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck attacked the Government for prosecuting an unjust war on China, and for encouraging the opium trade.

Mr. Gladstone denied that the war was unjust, asserting that the treaty of Tien-sin was binding, and its ratification most important.

A telegram from the scientific party in Spain says, "Success is complete. We have two photographs of red flame, which prove that they belong to the sun, and many photographs of other phases."

Sir Robert Peel called on the Government not to assent to the annexation of Sicily to Piedmont.

Lord John Russel replied that the Government could not depart from the great principle that the people had the right to choose their own government without interference.

It was stated in Parliament that the British forces in China reached 17 000 men.

It was reported that 12,000 Russian soldiers were marching on Pekin, but the statement lacks confirmation.

The British forces had left for the Peiho. A collision was considered inevitable.

Lord Wodehouse confirmed the news that 5,000 Christians had been massacred at Damascus, and that all the consulate houses, with the exception of the British, had been burned.

The latest accounts from the French crops were reassuring and a good average yield was expected. The fall in the Paris flour and wheat market had made further progress.

It is reported in Paris that the French Government has received a communication from St. Petersburg, expressing the desire of Russia to act in accordance with France and England in the East. The Russian Cabinet reiterates its opinion that the events now transpiring in the East hold in suspense the peace of the world, and that the very existence of Turkey is at stake.

The Pays seems to imply that more massacres are in contemplation, and that the exciters of the disturbances in Syria have ramifications with other ports of the Ottoman territory—that the events in Syria were only a prelude to a formidable rising of the Ottoman population against the Christians, and the sinister projects are stated to have been long since concocted by fanatical conspirators.

The Monteur says that the Sultan has addressed the following letter to the Emperor, dated the 15th of July:

"I have at heart that your Majesty should know with what grief I have learned the events in Syria. Let your Majesty be convinced that I shall employ all my powers for establishing security and order in Syria; that I shall severely punish the guilty parties wherever they may be, and render justice to all. In order to leave no doubt whatever of the intentions of my government, I have intrusted that important mission to my Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whose principles your Majesty is acquainted.

Syria.—Affairs in Syria were unchanged.—Matters continue to wear a grave aspect.

France was actively preparing for a powerful intervention, and had notified the other Governments in order to have a concert of action.

Details to the 1st of July say it was then ascertained that the Druses had burnt and pillaged 151 villages since the 29th of May, while from 7,500 to 8,000 Christians, inhabitants of Lebanon, many of whom were wealthy men, and all strangers to anything like poverty, are beggars, depending on charity for daily bread.

Over and above the number of Christians shot in actual warfare, it is believed that seven or eight thousand have been butchered in cold blood.

Naples and Sicily.—Sanguinary contests are reported to have taken place near Messina, between the Neapolitans, under Col. Bosco, and the advanced guard of the Garibaldian army.

The official Sicilian journal published the following note on Saturday:

"Signors La Farina, Fressilli and Folte are affiliated to the police of the continent. The three were expelled for having conspired against order. The Government could not tolerate the presence of such individuals."

The *Opinione Nationale*, of Turin, states that Farina had full power from the Sardinian Government to assume the title of Royal Commissioner as soon as annexation was declared. Garibaldi, though advocating annexation, thought it advisable that his dictatorship should continue until the whole land was subjected, and finding that the presence of Farina was detrimental to the cause, he ordered him off.

A new Sicilian Ministry had been formed, Signor Interdonati Argi, the historian, and Signor Emeranti are among the members; and Logothe, Laporia and Orsini continue in the Cabinet.

Garibaldi has received further aid to the amount of a million livres and fifty-seven pieces of cannon.

Five great military camps are to be formed about the end of August in the neighborhood of Turin, Alexandria, Milan, Florence and Bologna.

The Minister of War, at Turin, had issued a notification, informing all retired officers of the army that the necessity for calling them again into active service had ceased.

The Pope, in a recent manifesto, terms Garibaldi's band "a pernicious band of desperadoes," "highwaymen" and "pirates," and says: "Let us turn ourselves with confidence to the patronage of the Almighty Mistress of the world, the Queen of Heaven, the immaculate Virgin Mary, who has destroyed all the monsters of error and heretics."

A despatch from Cagliari says that the Neapolitan steam corvette Veloce, of six guns, had deserted the Government, and gone over to Garibaldi's forces.

The Paris Patrie asserts that the siege of Messina is decided on, Garibaldi having declined to assist the Neapolitans of that city, unless they gave similar proofs of confidence as the Sicilians, by a sustained insurrection.

Naples had notified the Governments of England and France of her intention to offer the Constitution of 1812 to the Sicilians.—France, it is reported, had given her assent to this proposition, but England hesitates.

The Neapolitan Government had ordered the removal of the Royal Guard, the abolition of the punishment of the bastinado, and the suppression of the secret dungeons.

Austria and Prussia.—The Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent of Prussia, were to hold a Conference in a few days. Other German sovereigns were expected to participate.

THE LATEST.

By the Kangaroo we have foreign advices to the 26th ult.

Lord Palmerston had made a speech in the Commons, which caused general uneasiness, and a decline of the French funds. He proposed the defence of the dockyards at an expense of £9,000,000—£2,000,000 to be expended this year.

He expatiated on the danger to which the country was exposed from invasion, and after pointing to the large army maintained in France, which is always ready for aggressive purposes, he declared that England ought not to be dependent upon the forbearance of another Power for its freedom from attack.

The proposition was generally received with favor, particularly by the tory party. The peace party regard Palmerston's speech as a manifesto of distrust towards France.

Lord John Russell stated in the House of Commons that the English Government could not object to European troops being sent to Syria, and a Convention for that purpose had been signed, to which England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia were parties.

Eleven thousand French troops have embarked for Syria.

Thirty five English and French ships are going thither.

Abd-el-Kader is spoken of for Governor of Syria.

A despatch from Naples announces that Melazzo had been attacked by Garibaldi, and that, in order to avoid civil war, the King of Naples had ordered the total evacuation of Sicily by the royal troops. The Garibaldians occupied Melazzo.

The King of Sardinia has resolved to send an autograph letter to Garibaldi, requesting him not to attack the continental possessions of the King of Naples.

A suit has been commenced against the Great Eastern Steamship Company for an infringement of the American patent, in the combined use of the paddle and screw as a motive power. The damages are laid at $50 000.

The Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, has been confined with a daughter.

A Mormon conference has been held at London. Brigham Young was elected President, Revelator and Seer of the Church throughout the world. Other dignitaries of the Church were also elected.

A Paris despatch says the Sardinian Government consents to support Garibaldi in a proposal for a six month's truce with Naples.

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Toplitz on the 24th, to participate in the German Conference.

It is reported that Garibaldi is preparing for a descent on the main land.

The chiefs of the revolutionary movement at Naples, had caused an illumination of the whole city. Crowds of people shouted "Garibaldi forever," in defiance of the royalists. About ten of the late police agents have been killed.

The Porte has notified the Western Powers of the conclusion of a peace between the Druses and Maronites. He promises, nevertheless, to act with the utmost rigor against the authors of the massacre.

It is reported that the Porte has protested against the intervention of France in this matter, and that the proposed expedition has been accordingly stopped.

It is reported that the Conference on the Swiss question has indefinitely adjourned.

Liverpool.—Cotton is dull. Flour has advanced 6d., and Wheat 1 a 2d. Beef is heavy. Pork dull. Bacon quiet. Rosin steady. Turpentine dull. Rice dull. *Ashes dull.*

THE GREAT EASTERN.

For the amusement of those who did not go in the Great Eastern, we copy the following account of one who did make the grand excursion from New York to Cape May—premising that, in going to Cape May, the steamer ran only about thirty miles out of her course. The correspondent of the *Tribune* says:—

Without exception, the excursionists are disgusted and indignant with the trip and its management throughout. From the moment of starting, they were made the prey of the most reckless avarice, and in no single instance, so far as I am informed, were the simplest rights of the ticket-holders regarded.

There was no accommodation whatever for baggage in all the ample store-rooms of the ship, and articles were left loosely on deck.—The grossest favoritism was shown in the disposition of state-rooms, and ladies were the victims of imposition in regard to them. No definite information could be had of anybody, and the responsibility was shifted from one to another, until the passenger, in despair, gave himself up to discomfort.

A large number of ladies, and nearly all the gentlemen, slept or straggled on rude mattresses on the decks in dirt and disorder, and were exposed to a smart storm of rain before the hour of waking. Those who had state-rooms were crowded together, and suffered from terrible heat and the great rocking of the ship.

This morning it was impossible, without bribery, to obtain water for washing, or the plainest article of the toilet. The reporters were, with one exception, roughed with the rest.—The fortunate exception spent the night in a hen-coop. An effort was made to provoke music from Dodworth's band for dancing, but after a few melancholy strains, the musicians refused further discourse unless they were paid twenty-five dollars.

A lighted cigar set a mattress on fire in the middle of the night, and the rigging was endangered. There seemed to be no discipline whatever among the officers of the ship. The rudder chains broke, and for nearly half an hour the steamer was guided by the engines alone. The wheels were frequently deserted.

The restaurant was one grand swindle. It was given out as soon as the people sat down to the first supper, that the most necessary articles had run out; and only heavy fees to the waiters, after long waiting, produced any food at all. Brackish water brought, in some cases, twenty-five cents a glass; and the confusion and filth were simply revolting. There was not a single expression of pleasure.

The general indignation took the form of a formal meeting on deck this morning. Mr. William Palmer acted as Chairman, and Dr. John Howe as Secretary, both of New York. A series of bitter resolutions were passed, and obtained a large number of influential signatures. They denounce the excursion as a swindle, and the whole arrangements as contemptibly disgraceful. They also advise all persons who propose to go to Norfolk and Annapolis in the Great Eastern, to stay at home for fear of similar treatment.

The officers of the ship disclaim all responsibility for the outrages.

The Science of Firing.—To hit a target nine hundred yards means a very good shot indeed. The mark presents an appearance, not to describe it by a fraction, one half the width and one third of the height of a postage stamp. Divide a postage stamp into six, take one part, and put a spot of ink three times the size of a pin's head upon it, and you have a fair representation of a target, regulation size, nine hundred yards. If the wind is blowing from the side, you must aim 2, 5, 10, or even 15 feet to the right or left of it. The mean deviation of an Enfield rifle is over six feet—that is, if a rifle were screwed into a rest, and accurately pointed at nine hundred yards, all the shots would strike within a circle of three feet from the point aimed at; but the imperfection of the material of the weapon would render it impossible to predict, nearer than that, where they would hit it. It is evident, therefore, that to hit at nine hundred yards requires very accurate and careful training. Practice alone will not give it. Theory alone would be equally powerless.—*Viscount Bury, in Fraser's Magazine for July.*

The Great Eastern arrived off Annapolis on the 6th, with 106 passengers, who passed complimentary resolutions. She caused great excitement in the adjacent country.

☞ All prosperous men can give good counsel, and they like to do it; it costs them nothing. It is an easy matter, when one's stomach is full, to declaim against fasting.

☞ True greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind happier and better for your life.

☞ A telescope of extraordinary power is in course of erection at the Paris Observatory. It is said to have a magnifying power of 20,000.

☞ Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Cattle Disease.—The commissioners sent out by Ohio, to examine the cattle disease in Massachusetts, report that the disease, although contagious, is easily managed, and that it is not likely ever to obtain any serious hold upon the herds in the Western States.

A Saratoga paper states that considerable sensation has been created by the discovery that Page's "Venus," now on exhibition there, bears a striking resemblance to a young lady stopping at the United States Hotel.

A Minister Missing.—Rev. Mr. Marvin, pastor of a church near Walton, Delaware co., N. Y., put his sermon in his coat-pocket last Sunday week, and started for church; but he has not been heard of or seen since. It is feared that he was insane.

A Bad Split.—It is said that Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, differ in politics. Both are veteran Democrats, but Chang is now for Breckinridge, and Eng for Douglas.

The Gospel in Burmah.—The Mission of the American Baptist Union among the Kareens in Burmah, has a wonderful history. Only thirty years ago, the first convert was baptised, and now the number of church members is over fifteen thousand, and the natives under regular Christian instruction amount to more than 100,000. The station at Toungoo was commenced seven years ago, by a native preacher, and in two years there numbered in that place 2,000 converts. Prosperity still attends it.

It was the Prince Regent of Japan who was assassinated by the adherents of Prince Metao. The act was committed within the walls of the Prince Regent's palace, and the assassins were all captured. The Tycoon is represented to be very liberal towards foreigners, and for this reason has encountered the ill-will of Metao.

Destruction by Grasshoppers.—The Chicago (Ill.) Times says that the prairies in the vicinity of that place fairly swarm with grasshoppers; there seems to be at least seven grasshoppers to every blade of grass. In some places gardens have been literally devoured by the hopping insects. Among vegetables, however, they appear to have a preference, and while some kinds have been eaten up, others have escaped with not much injury.

The troubles in Japan do not appear to affect trade injuriously. Mr. Alcock, the British Envoy, writes that the collective trade of the three ports during the first six months after their opening by treaty, has been not short of £1,000,000, and the profits such as rarely fall to the lot of merchants, even in the east. The tea is excellent, and has been sent in considerable quantity to the American market, and the silk promises to realize better prices than the Chinese. Two thousand piculs of raw silk, he is informed, worth, say $1,000,000, have been shipped, and yielding, he is assured, a profit of 40 per cent.

Gangooly.—The Springfield Republican has the following:

Sasee Gangooly, the young Unitarian Brahmin, has been ordained and left for the East, doubts are expressed as to the thoroughness of his conversion. He does not adopt his baptismal name, and consequently will not lose caste among his people. He proposes to take a house apart from the devoted missionary who sent him out, and establish himself as a high caste missionary. It is suggested that our Christian young women spoiled the convert by petting him, and his last hours in Boston are said to have been spent in taking leave of the infatuated girls who have been at one time and another engaged to marry him.

A Fast Young Man.—The Saratogian says that a lad, only *five years old*, residing in Argyle, Washington Co., N. Y., a few days since took it into his head to go and see the Great Eastern. So he took the cars, went down and saw the big ship, and returned home the same way as he went, and all without a cent of money. His return was much to the relief of his anxious parents, who had searched in vain for him for several days past. Incredible as this may seem, it is told as a fact.

Singular Freak of Lightning.—A young lady was struck by lightning while skimming milk in a cellar in Cortland Co., N. Y., on Saturday week. The fluid struck her on her side, tearing her apron into shreds, passing through her dress and underclothes—melting one of her hoops—to her hip, thence down her leg, tearing her stocking on one side in places from one-half to one inch apart, until it reached the heel, when it entirely destroyed that portion of her hose, and rent her shoe into numberless pieces. Strange to say, she escaped with comparatively little injury.

John Brown's Family.—The sum of $6 150, contributed in the United States for the benefit of John Brown's family, was distributed among them a few days ago. The widow and three small children, received $2 250; John Brown, Jr., $1,000; Watson Brown's widow, $800; Wm. Thompson's widow, $500, and the others the balance.

Very few people have an idea of the immense quantity of the burning fluid and camphene consumed in the United States annually. The amount of the former is estimated by competent persons at 24,000 000 gallons, of the latter at 6,000,000 gallons. The total value of these amounts to some $13,000,000.

Zinc nails are now extensively employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in place of wood or iron. It is said these nails are also substituted for sewing in ladies' slippers. An iron last is employed, and the nails, on being driven in, strike the last, and become headed or riveted on the inside, thus forming a very secure fastening.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldsmith recently arrived at Stockholm, and was received with enthusiasm. She intends to pass the summer with her husband and children at a villa in the environs of the Swedish capitol.

Ramsy, the horse-tamer, has left London for Shetland, to purchase ponies in that locality. The other day he exhibitted his powers at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to 9,000 persons—for which single entertainment he received £150 clear.

An Unworthy Father.—The Nunda (N. Y.) News says that Mr. John Wright, of that place, has commenced an action for divorce from his wife, on the ground of infidelity. Bella Wright, the father of the complainant, is said to be the person who has won the son's wife from the path of rectitude.

Blown Down.—The handsome Italian marble monument erected in memory of Governor Shunk, and over his remains in the burying ground of the Lutheran Church, at the Trappe, in this county, was blown down on Monday week, the 23rd ult., during a storm. The monument was erected by contribution, and was twenty-five feet high.—*Montgomery Ledger.*

Mrs. Grinnell, who recently returned to New York from a seven months' trip in Europe, found a gas burner lighted, which she had forgotten to extinguish, and a bill of $52 against her husband at the gas office.

Great Mortality from Sun Stroke.—The Augusta Democrat learns, from a private letter, that a gentleman living near Madison Springs, Georgia, lost 15 negroes from sun stroke, a few days since. They were engaged in ditching.

Volunteers in England.—"Volunteer" enthusiasm has reached its climax in England, and at Hartlepool a corps of ladies is regularly drilled in light infantry tactics by a Government sergeant.

Burning of a Horse's Eyes.—The Memphis Enquirer is informed by the agent of the Overland Mail Company, that, a few days since, as the stage coach was nearing Madison, the eyes of one of the horses attached to it actually burst out from their sockets. The horse is still alive, and the case has, we believe, no parallel. Heat and over exertion were the probable cause.

Body Found.—I have just been informed by a gentleman from Newark, Ohio, that there has been a wonderful discovery made in a truncated cone of stones, near Lynneville, nine miles from Newark, which beats the Holy Stone out and out. Two workmen there, under the orders of a son of Mr. ——, removed the stones in a segment of the circle. At the base of the mound, and near the outside of the circle, they found three mounds of earth, about five feet high. On opening one of these, they found a coffin about six and a-half feet long, resting on sleepers (like a railroad track), and other sleepers above it. It was made of a single log of oak, in perfect preservation. On opening the coffin, they found a skeleton of a man, with arms crossed on his breast, and on his breast twelve copper rings, of about the thickness of a quill, beat to shape, but not soldered. They were, probably, from their size, used as bracelets. The coffin looks as if made of bog oak. The people of Newark say it is the body of Moses, and the rings denote the twelve tribes of Israel. In the centre of the mound they found a large flat stone, which being raised, they found a well about four feet deep, with water in it. The other graves have not yet been opened, nor has the well been examined. The coffin, with the skeleton, has been sent into Newark. The bones of the skeleton are much broken. This is not a hoax, as my informant is a Mr. ——, a lawyer who has seen the rings and part of the coffin. The coffin had not got into town when he left. You are at liberty to use this, if you suppress names. I thought, as an editor, you would like to know of it at once.

Mr. —— has in hopes of finding the Table of the Twelve Commandments.

Lord Brougham and Mr. Dallas.—At the recent meeting of the Interna tional Statistical Congress, in London, Prince Albert presided.—Lord Brougham, seeing the American Minister present, said he hoped Mr. Dallas would forgive him for reminding him that there was a negro present as a member of the Congress.—This gave rise to loud laughter and cheering.

Mr. Dallas made no sign in response, but the negro in question, a Dr. Delaney, arose and returned thanks for the kind allusion which had been made to him and assured all present that he, too, was a man. This was greeted with renewed cheering from all parts of the hall. The next meeting Lord Brougham apologized to Mr. Dallas, saying he had intended no disrespect.

The English press generally censuring Lord Brougham, he alluded to the subject apologetically a *third* time in the Congress.

A Deformed Body, but a Sound Intellect.—In Lexington, Ky., there lives a singularly deformed negro, 28 years of age, three feet six inches high, who drags himself on crutches, but whose intellect is really marvellous. A letter from an intelligent neighbor says he is a living miracle of intelligence, has taught himself to read, write and cipher, and has thoroughly learned algebra by himself. A kind friend assisted him in trigonometry and calculation of eclipses, and now he desires to study Brewster's Optics, to make himself a telescope, and know how to grind his own glasses, and no doubt will succeed if perseverance will accomplish anything.

The four leading Western cities are now nearly about the same size as though ten years ago there was an extraordinary disparity between them. They now show about the following figures, as we learn from the Chicago Press and Tribune, and Pittsburg Dispatch:—

Cincinnati,	165,000	St. Louis,	145,000
Pittsburg,	130,000	Chicago,	120,000

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 4, 1860.

Pennsylvania.	Mississippi.
New Jersey.	Louisiana.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Delaware	Ohio.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.	Kentucky.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Indiana.
New York.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	Illinois
Maine.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Missouri.
New Hampshire.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Tennessee.
Vermont	Old bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Michigan
Connecticut.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Wisconsin.
Massachusetts.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Texas.
Rhode Island.	Commercial and Agricultural bank.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Galveston — dis
Virginia.	Iowa.
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis	State bk 2½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.	Kansas.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
North Carolina.	Minnesota.
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	Bank St. Paul 5 dis
Georgia.	Canada.
Solv bks ¾ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
South Carolina.	Florida.
Solv bks ¾ dis	State bk 1 dis
Alabama.	
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis	

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

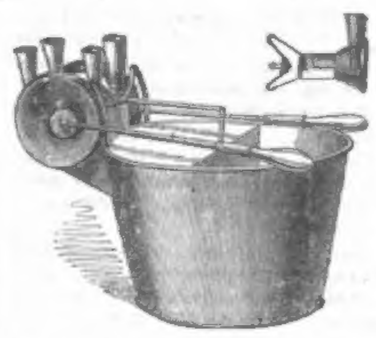
LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " 1862	104	—
" " 1861	100	—
" " 1853	102¾	—
" 6" coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" " new	104	104½
" 5 "	94	—
Phila 6 pr ct,	75	—
" coupon	43	50
All'gy City 6 pr ct	68	72
" County	43	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	85	85½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98¾
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal Bks 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 8'72-3	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	140
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	51½	—
Commercial	30	—
Mech Liberty	68	—
Mechanics	102½	—
Southwark	79	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	49½	49¾
Western	67	—
Man & Mec	28½	—
Commerce§	—	92
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	83	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	86½
Corn Exchange	26	—
Germantown	—	28
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	114	—
Farmers' "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	82	83½
Planters "	95	100
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	11
New Creek	4	4
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	2½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	11
Bonds	92	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd "	90½	9
stock	40	40½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	122	133
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	84½	85
mort 6's '44	90	90½
" " '56	73½	74
stock	23½	23¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	54	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	91½	95
Chas Val R R, '75	95	—
Tioga R R '75	—	88
Wil'mo & Elmira 7's 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	10	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	4	7
Beaver Meadow stock	81½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	98	—
North Penn's R R stock	18½	19
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	43½	50
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Minehill R R	60	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '89	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	15½	20
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57	—
Mich. an Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	14½	25
imp, 6 pr ct	90	—
stock	10½	10¾
preferred	23½	24
Lehigh Nav stock	56	56½
mort 6 pr ct	106½	—
scrip	4½	4¾
Morris Consol'd preferred	54	—
Ches & Del	117	120
bonds	90	—
Union	60	—
bonds	1	20
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	4
	94½	—

COLVIN'S IMPROVED COW-MILKER.

A natural, quick and easy method of milking cows by mechanism deserves general attention. Various contrivances have been devised for such purposes, but the inventor of the milker here illustrated believes that it imitates the natural action of the calf in a very perfect manner, and that it is free from objections that have been urged against other devices. The accompanying description of the engravings will convey clear ideas of the improvement.

The invention consists of two distinct single acting disk pumps, one at each side—connected together by a semi-cylindrical support, and the whole is secured to the socket of the milk-pail, Fig. 1. Each pump has a head of vulcanized india-rubber, which is moved back

Fig. 1. *Fig. 2.*



and forth like a bellows by the handles. The pressure upon one pump is counterbalanced by that upon the other, so that the pail remains undisturbed during the operation. Each pump has two metallic teat cups, which are connected to elastic caps on knuckle joints, so as to be pliable and varied to fit the distance apart of teats in different cows. The teat-cups are peculiar, and are so formed inside as to fit the end of any teat, large or small, and are therefore suitable for different cows without requiring a change, which is a very important feature. As the rubber heads of the pumps are drawn out by the handles, a vacuum is produced in the teat-cup, the milk then flows down into the pump, and as the india-rubber heads return to position, the milk is forced through the valves, Fig. 2, into the pail. The pressure then ceases upon the teat, as in hand-milking, and the milk flows down from the udder into the teat ready for the next pressure. This arrangement also enables the operator to disconnect the machine with ease at any time, and the application of the machine for milking is effected with the same facility. The fulcrums of the levers are so arranged that if the pail is held high or low, they will adjust themselves to suit the operator. The lever handles can be put on and taken off in an instant, and the disk rubber heads of the pumps can be readily taken off their sockets and easily stretched on again. The pumps, therefore, are easy of access for washing inside. One half of the pail is covered, and to this a handle is secured for carrying it. The whole forms a compact, neat and durable milking machine, and, with pail, only weighs six and one half pounds. It has been used daily for eight weeks, and the inventor states it does not injure the cows in the least, and they stand quietly during the process of milking as if pleased with the operation. The best time ever made with the machine was twelve quarts of milk in one and three-fourth minutes, three minutes being sufficient time and with much less labor than by hand. Machines will soon be in the market, and dairymen can have a chance to prove the merit of this new cow-milker. A milking machine of simple construction, and capable of being readily applied, is certainly a desideratum for dairies; but to be practicable, it must be agreeable in its action to the cows themselves. This one is stated to be so, and it therefore deserves a fair trial by all who are interested.

Two patents have been issued for this machine, on the 22d and 29th of May last. More information may be obtained by addressing the patentee, L. O. Colvin, of Cincinnatus, N. Y. —*Scientific American.*

A Boy's Sight Strangely Lost and Restored.—The editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Witness tells a remarkable story of a little boy in that region, who woke up one morning last winter, and discovered that he was blind. He is 12 or 13 years old, and up to that morning his sight had been perfect. When told the second time by his father to get up, he replied, "Father, is it daylight?" "Yes, long ago," replied his father. "Then, father," the little fellow sadly said, "I am blind." And so he was—his sight was gone. The boy was recently taken to Nashville for medical treatment. The doctors declined to do anything for him, however. But during his stay in the city, his sight suddenly returned, when he threw his arms around his father's neck, and exclaimed, "Oh, father, I can see."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been exceedingly dull during the past week, and prices have been weak, closing full 12½ ₱ bbl lower than at the close of last week. The demand for export has been quite limited, and only 3000 to 4000 bbls have been disposed of, at $5,12½ for sound old stock; $5,37½ to $5,50 for fresh ground, and $5,75 for extra Ohio, including 500 bbls of "W. B. Thomas'" at $5,50, and 500 do Brandywine on terms not made public. The sales to the home trade have been within the range of these figures. Extra family and fancy lots range from $5,62½ up to $6,50. Rye Flour has been extremely quiet, and offered at $3,62½, without finding purchasers. Corn Meal is dull; we quote Pennsylvania at $3,25 ₱ bbl; 12,000 bbls Brandywine were disposed of, part at $3,45, and part on private terms.

GRAIN—The supply of both old and new Wheat, from all sources, during the past week, has been small. Early in the week the market was dull, and prices fell off, but since there has been active inquiry, and an advance of 6c to 7c ₱ bus has been realized. The week's sales comprise 25,000 bus, ranging from $1 to $1,15 ₱ bus for common and fair quality, and $1,20 to $1,28 ₱ bus for good Pennsylvania and choice Southern red, including some white at $1,30 to $1,55, according to quality. Rye is in better demand, and 2000 to 3000 bus have been sold at 68c for new, and 64c to 74½c for Pennsylvania. Corn is very scarce, and has advanced 2c ₱ bus; sales of 10,000 to 12,000 bus prime Pennsylvania yellow at 67c to 68c, early in the week, and 70c, at which figure it was in demand at the close; 1000 bus white sold at 68c. Oats have been arriving freely, and have declined 1c ₱ bus. About 30,000 bus sold at 32c to 35c for new Southern, chiefly at 34s afloat, including 3000 to 4000 old Pennsylvania at 37 to 40c. In Barley and Barley Meal nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

PROVISIONS—In the Provision market there is a firm feeling, but the transactions in all descriptions are limited. Sales of Mess Pork at $19,50@20 ₱ bbl. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly for ships' stores. Bacon is in good demand at full prices. Sales of 300 casks Hams at 12½@14c; Sides at 12½c, and Shoulders at 10½c, cash and 60 days. In green Meats no change. Of Lard the stock is very much reduced and holders are firm; sales of 400 pkgs at 13½c, in bbls and tcs, and 14c in kegs, including 100 tcs manufacturing at 12½c, cash. No change in Butter and Cheese. Eggs are selling at 11@11½c.

COTTON—The stocks, which are quite moderate, now consist chiefly of the lower grades, which are least wanted. Sales of 950 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 6½c for inferior, to 12½c, cash, for middling quality

BARK—Prices have declined 50c ₱ ton. There is but little stock here, and very little coming in. Sales of 25 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $27,50. Tanners' Bark continues at last quoted, $16@11 for Chestnut, and $12,50@13 for Spanish Oak

COAL—The Coal market has been without change. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,35@3,45; Prepared do, $3,35@3,45; Red Ash do, $3,55@3,60. Lehigh Lump $3,75@3,87; Prepared do, $3,75@3,87½; by retail do, $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE meets with a good inquiry for the trade at full former rates, but there is little or no stock in first hands. The sales comprise 1600 bags good Rio at 14½@15¾c; 500 bags Laguayra at 15½c, and some St. Domingo at 14c ₱ lb.

COPPER—Prices are without alteration, and the market dull, the sales being confined to a few small lots of Yellow Metal, on time. English Sheathing is steady at 27c.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering. Sales of good Western, 49@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are arriving freely. Sales at $1,25@2,50 ₱ bbl. Peaches are beginning to come in, and sell at $1@2 ₱ basket.

HEMP—There is very little stock here. About 30 bales American sold on terms not made public.

HIDES are dull. An importation of 4629 Laguayra and Porto Cabello, arrived per White Wing, remain unsold.

HOPS are very dull, and sell only in a retail way at 8c to 11c ₱ lb for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—There has been no activity in the market for pig metal since our last report, and no change in prices. A few hundred tons were disposed of in lots at $23 for No 1 Anthracite, $22 for No 2, and $20 to $20,50 for No 3. 1000 tons No 1 sold on private terms, and 500 tons Forge at $20, 6 months. For Scotch Pig Iron there is little or no demand. A lot of Charcoal Blooms sold at $62 ₱ ton, 6 months. For Bar and Boiler Iron there is more inquiry, without change in prices.

LEAD—There is but little Pig Lead offering; 500 pigs Galena sold at $5,75, cash. No sales of foreign have been reported.

LEATHER—The leather market has been rather quiet since last report.

LUMBER—There is a fair trade doing in most descriptions; sales of White Pine $14@18; Southern Sap do $13@15 ₱ 1000 feet. Hemlock $8½@11. Laths sell at $1,62½ ₱ 1000. A cargo of common quality sold at $1,50.

MOLASSES—The market continues remarkably dull, and the sales have been confined to small lots of Cuba at 23c, and New Orleans at 45c, on time.

PLASTER is in steady demand. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is but little Clover seed offering, and sells in lots at $5,25@5,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Small sales of Timothy $3,25@4,25 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is beginning to arrive from the South, and sells at $1,60@1,63 ₱ bus.

SUGAR—The market is quiet, but prices unchanged; sales 900 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 7@8¼c, and 600 boxes Havana brown and white at 7¼@8c, on time.

TALLOW is looking up, and the Butchers' Association decline making any contracts for future delivery, at present quotations. We quote City Rendered at 10½@10¾c, and Country at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb.

SPIRITS—For Brandy and Gin there is not much inquiry, and no change to notice in prices.—New England Rum sells as wanted at 36@37c.—Whiskey is dull and lower. Sales of Ohio bbls at 21½c; Peona at 21c hhds at 20½@21c, and Drudge at 19½@20c.

TOBACCO is very quiet. About 40 hhds Kentucky and Maysville Leaf sold on terms kept private.

WOOL—The receipts of Western continue large, and stocks are accumulating; but there is a good demand from manufacturers, and prices are gradually advancing. Sales of 20,000 lbs, ranging from 36½ to 55c ₱ lb. cash, for common and full blood.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2670 head. The prices ranged from 8½ to 9½ ₱ 100 lbs. Cows—45 head sold from $25 to 50. 7500 head of Sheep were sold at from 8 to 8½c ₱ lb. 743 Hogs sold at from $7,75 to 8,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

August 4.—FLOUR firm; 9,500 bbls sold at $5,20 for State. Wheat firm, with sales of 35,000 bus at 126c for Milwaukie Club, 125c for red Western, and 130c for white. Corn is steady; mixed 62@62½c. Pork dull at $18,35@19,25 for Mess. Lard steady at 12½@13½c. Whiskey steady at 21c.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Brunswick, Germany, on the 27th June, by the Rev. F. Pfeifer, J. Henry Tiles, of this city, to Frances, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

On Sabbath evening, the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. F. Swentzel, Mr. Andrew J. Bullingen, to Miss Ellen Holder, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Y. Monroe, Thomas C. England, to Emily R. Nichols, both of Camden, N. J.

By Friends' ceremony, on the 31st ultimo, J. Davis Hoey, to Miss Ruth A. Chambers, both of Chester county, Pa.

On Thursday, the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Lightbourn, M. Lewis N. Jones, to Miss Susan, Cowgill, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, Mr. Robert J. Wiley, to Miss Mary Hill.

April 16th, by the Rev. Dr. Gilroy, Mr. James T. Hall, to Miss Louisa M. Matthews, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Brantley, Samuel S. Allen, M. D. of Bristol, Rhode Island, to Miss Anna Thompson, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, 1st of August, Anna Maria Adelaide West, in her 25th year, of a protracted illness, which she bore with true Christian fortitude, and died in perfect resignation to the will of a kind Providence. She was the youngest remaining daughter of Geo. G. and Maria West.

On third-day morning, at West Farms, N. York, Henry P. Richardson, aged 7 years.

On Monday, July 30th, Mrs. Sarah Webb, a native of Boston, England, but for many years a resident of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, Capt. Joseph L. Noble, in his 54th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Miss Susannah Milton, in her 47th year.

Suddenly, on the 29th ultimo, Mr. George T. Baker, in his 27th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. Edward B. Bell, in his 26th year.

On the 29th ultimo, Isabella, wife of T. Brown, in his 46th year.

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LITORIA.

[A Harvard College Song. After Longfellow—a good ways.]

The shades of night were coming down swift,
Sweedle-inktum bum'
The dazzling snow lay drift on drift,
Sweedle-inktum bum'
When through the village a youth did go,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa.
Bearing a flag with this motto,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

CHORUS.

Litoria! Litoria!
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
Litoria! Litoria!
Sweedle-inktum bum.

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
His nose was Roman, complexion fair,
Sweedle-inktum bum.
O'er an eagle eye was an auburn lash,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
And he never stopped shouting through his moustache,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

He saw through the windows as he kept getting supper,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
A number of families, seated at supper,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
He eyed the slippery rocks that he sped,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
And he fled while he cried, and he cried while he fled,
Sweedle-inktum bum.

Chorus, &c.

Hallo, you there, an old woman said, stop'
Sweedle-inktum bum,
It's blowing great guns up there on top,
Sweedle-inktum bum.
You'll tumble off on the t'other side,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
But the hurrying stranger loud replied,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

Now, don't go up this shocking bad night,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
Come, sit in my lap, said a maiden bright,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
On the end of his nose a tear-drop come,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
But still he remarked as upward he clumb,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

Look out for that branch of a Sycamore tree,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
And dodge any rolling stones you may see,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
Having said which, the peasant went home to bed,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
But the singular voice replied overhead,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

About four o'clock the next afternoon,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
Heard repeated above him as often as twice,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
The very same words, in a very weak voice,
Sweedle-inktum bum!

Chorus, &c.

And not very far from a quarter past seven,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
(He was long getting up, the road being uneven,)
Sweedle-inktum bum,
He found the stranger dead in the snow,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
Still grasping the flag with the strange motto,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

Yes, dead, defunct, without any doubt,
Sweedle-inktum bum,
The lamp of his being decidedly out,
Sweedle-inktum bum.
There on the dreary hill-side laying,
Sweedle-inktum-hi-ru-sa,
It wasn't no more use to him a saying,
Sweedle-inktum bum'

Chorus, &c.

A COSTLY APARTMENT.—A correspondent writes:—"In 1857, I attended, as a delegate, the Southern Commercial Convention, at Knoxville, Tennessee. I learned on the way that the town was overcrowded, and that there was but little chance for accommodation. The first familiar face I met in Knoxville was that of my old chum, F——l, who had started some days in advance of me. He hastened to say that he had slept the night before in a magnificent apartment, the furniture of which was worth fifty thousand dollars. Supposing him to be quartered upon some millionaire, I enviously ventured to ask whether there was room for one more.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'plenty of room; *I slept in the railroad storehouse among several thousand bags of wheat.*'"

GOOD SHOOTING.—The Southwestern Independent, published at Fayetteville, Ark., is responsible for the following:

Ben Calaker was describing, the other day, to Tip Onstott, the skill of a sportsman in Mississippi, with a shot gun:

"Why," said he, "I have seen him take two partridges and let them both go, one in front and the other behind him; and he would fire and kill the one in front, and then whirl and kill the other."

"Did he have a double-barrelled gun?" inquired Tip.

"Of course he did."

"Well," quickly replied Tip, "I can beat that—I saw a man do the same thing with a *single barrel.*"

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

Cuff was a gentleman's gentleman down in old Virginia, and a darkie of most undoubted honesty and truth; but he would sometimes tell tough stories. He met "Kurnel Johnsing's nigg," as he called him, the other day, and after cussing and discussing various matters appertaining to the masters, fell into the following conversation:

Sam—Well, Cuff, how you was?

Cuff—Oh, I isn't no wuss.

Sam—How is all de folks down at de house?

Cuff—Oh, day is able to be round, 'cept de ole man's darter; she had de doctor the other day. He came in, looked at her, kept lookin' at her; said she was bilyus, and guv her a box of engine vegetable pills. When de doctor go, she up an' trew de pills out de winder. *She* wouldn't take no pills, no *sah!* Wal, de ole turkey cock kum, an'—greedy kus—he gobbled down de pills, box an' all, wid de whole directions in four diff'rent languages.

Next day we had company, an' had to kill dat turkey cock, yer see. Brought him on de table biled wid ister sass; massa flourish his knife, and try to cut him up; couldn't git de knife into him.

"Cuff," says he, "how long did yer bile dis turkey?"

"Bile him an hour, sah."

"Take him away and bile him *another* hour."

So I took him away an' biled him another hour.

Sam—Did de company wait?

Cuff—Oh, yas, de company waited. Wal, I brought de turkey in, and massa flourish his big knife ag'in an' try to cut him; but he couldn't do it, no sah!

"Take him away an' bile him *another* hour."

"So I take him down into de kitchen ag'in."

Sam—Did de company wait?

Cuff—Of *course* dey waited. I brought in de turkey ag'in, an' massa try to cut. But it was *no go*; massa git mad.

"Take him away an' *bile him a week.*"

So I took him away an' bile him a week.

Sam—*Did de company wait?*

Cuff—Oh, yas, de company waited—bound to see de fun out, yer know. Wal, in a week I brought in dat turkey. Massa thought he got him dis time, sure; but he couldn't cut a hole in him; de ole cock wouldn't be cut.—Massa send for de doctor, to hab de turkey examined. De doctor came, look at de turkey—look all over him. Says he,

"It's no use; you can't bile dis turkey, for he has taken a box of dese engine-vegetable pills, *an' dare isn't any bile in him!*"

BREAKFAST OR DINNER.

A young Parisian lawyer, accustomed only to French breakfasts (a cup of coffee and a slice of bread), arriving in the morning at Dover on his way to London, was surprised to find a robust John Bull seated at a small side-table, loaded with meats and their accompaniments. He surveyed him attentively for a moment or two, and then began to soliloquize in an "undress rehearsal" of the sparse English at his command: "Mon Dieu!" said he, "can it be posseeble zat ce gentlehomme is ete hees *brekfaste?* Nevare mind; I shall sink I shall ask heem. Monsieur, I am a stranger. Vill you 'ave ze politenesse to tell me wezzer zat is your brekfaste or your denay wat you ete?" John rises with indignation, his cheeks distended with a large portion of his substantial meal, and is about to resent what he deems an affront; but discretion gets the better of valor, and he sits down again to resume his meal. The Frenchman paces the floor dubiously for some minutes, until his enhanced curiosity overcomes his temporary timidity, when he again accosts the sharp set son of "perfidious Albion!" "Sure, if you knew de reason wherefore I rekquire for know wezzer zat is your brekfaste or your denay wat you ete, you would 'av ze politenesse to tell me immediate, and sans offence." John was silent before, but his face actually glowed with excitement and suppressed passion. All these evidences of displeasure, however, were lost upon the curious traveller, who once more addressed his "unwilling witness," and this time fairly brought him to the use of his speech; for he rose in great anger, accused the Frenchman of having insulted him, a blow followed, and a duel was the "net purport and upshot" of the affair. Had the Frenchman's curiosity been satisfied, he would doubtless have been more steady-handed; "but Destiny had willed it otherwise." Bull's bullet pierced him, and the wound was decided to be mortal. Englishmen are seldom ill-tempered upon a full stomach; our hero relented; he was filled with remorse at having shot the poor fellow on so slight a provocation, and was most anxious to make amends for his fault. "My friend," said he to the dying man, "it grieves me much that I should have been so rash as to lose my temper for so trifling a matter; and if there is any way which I can serve you, rest assured you have only to name it, and I will faithfully perform your last request." "*Vill* you, my fren'? zen," said his victim, writhing in the agonies of death, "if you will *be so kind as tell me wezzer zat was your brekfaste or your denay wat you ete, I shall die ver' mosh content!*"

A HINT TO THE LADIES.—Don't make your rooms gloomy. Furnish them for light, and let them have it. Daylight is very cheap, and candle or gas light you need not use often. If your rooms are dark, all the effect of furniture, pictures, walls, and carpets is lost. Finally, if you have beautiful things, make them useful. The fashion of having a nice parlor, and then shutting it up all but three or four days in the year, when you have company; spending your own life in a mean room, shabbily furnished, or an unhealthy basement, to save your things, is the worst possible economy. Go a little further—shut up your house and live in a pigpen! The use of nice and beautiful things is to act upon your spirit—to educate you and make you beautiful.

☞ When women begin to count their admirers, it doesn't take them long to do it.

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

FRENCHMAN.—"I pray you, sare, to tell me in vare is Smeeth Street?"

ENGLISH VOLUNTEER.—"Three hundred yards forward—change direction to the right—right half face, and cross the Square fifty paces forward—left wheel, and there you are!"

FRENCHMAN.—"Mer— Tank you, sare, I make renseignements farther on."

(Aside.) "Une Nation vraiment militaire!" (a truly military nation!)

Agricultural.

THE STRAWBERRY AND ITS CULTURE

Although the cultivation of this fruit has been much extended within a few years, there is still a surprising neglect of it among many of our country people. Within a hundred miles of Boston, there are independent farmers who perhaps never tasted a cultivated strawberry—certainly never produced one. The writer was not long since travelling in a stage-coach in company with a lady who was taking with her from the city, as a rare treat to her country friends, a box of "garden" strawberries. Still the farmer and his family are as fond of this fruit as other people. Is there any good reason why they should not have it? The alleged obstacles are, perhaps, the cost of plants, and the want of time for their cultivation. As to the former, a dollar or two would buy plants enough to start with, or they might often be had for nothing; and as to the latter, if half the time which in many cases is spent in smoking and talking politics was devoted to the strawberry bed, no more would be needed.

There are many varieties of the strawberry—the number having of late been greatly multiplied—varying in earliness, productiveness and flavor. As this is a season of the year when new beds are formed, some information in regard to the characteristics of varieties, may be useful to inexperienced cultivators. At the late meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, at Rochester, a discussion took place on the following question:—"Which are the six best varieties of strawberries for market, and the best six for family use, and which the best method of cultivation in each case?"

We abridge from the Rural New Yorker the remarks of some of the speakers on the subject.

R. Herendeen, of Macedon, could recommend but one variety for market, and that was Wilson's Albany. It will produce four times as much as most other sorts, and twice as much as any other. It is rather acid, but of a good flavor—one of which the taste never tires. It not only produces a great crop, but uniformly large berries; those of the last picking being almost as large as the first. Cultivate in rows, first setting plants eighteen inches apart in the rows, and the rows four feet apart, and allowing the runners to cover half the ground. Mulch with straw or cut grass.

Prof. Coppock, of Buffalo, did not find the Wilson more prolific than some others, and thought it was not fit to eat, being altogether too acid. Its acid was peculiar and harsh, leaving a bad taste in the mouth. Trollope's Victoria is a good bearer. Scott's Seedling is equal to Wilson for productiveness, and can be carried well. In answer to an inquiry as to the quality of Scott's Seedling, Mr. C. said it was very good—in fact the flavor was fine. He would recommend for culture Scott's Seedling, Genesee, and Longworth's Prolific.

Mr. Moody, of Lockport, said we needed earlier berries than the Wilson. Jenny Lind is early, large, productive, and a fine fruit. Burr's New Pine is the finest flavored of all. He recommended as the best six varieties, Jenny Lind, Triomphe de Gand, Hooker, Trollope's Victoria, Monroe Scarlet, and Wilson.

Prof. Coppock stated, in reply to a question, that he ploughed and subsoiled his land, placing it in as good condition as for a crop of corn or wheat. His plants were set in rows, about eighteen inches apart. He mulched with tanbark, buckwheat straw, &c., but never with sawdust. Once in about five years ploughed up the beds and made others.

C. L. Hoag, of Lockport, was well pleased with the Wilson and Pyramidal Chilian. Hooker, as a family berry, never was excelled, although rather tender. Pyramidal Chilian next to this, almost as productive as Wilson. Wilson is of fair quality when fully ripe. Never cultivates except to destroy the weeds, as deep stirring of the soil near the roots is apt to injure them and injure the crops. The soil Mr. H. cultivated was a sandy loam.

F. Glen, of Rochester, said there was one variety which had not been mentioned, that he thought would produce more berries in a season than any other variety—the Crimson Cone. From a bed containing sixteen square rods, he picked last season eleven hundred quarts, and this season one thousand. Wilson's Albany the second year was almost worthless, but the first year very productive. He considered Triomphe de Gand the best of all. Large Early Scarlet was a very valuable sort, and in three years would yield more berries than Wilson.

James Vick, of Rochester, coincided with Mr. Glen as to the productiveness of the Crimson Cone. A few years since this was the only variety grown for the New York market, and several of the growers in Jersey had informed him that it was the only variety from which they could make money. He believed that they were now growing other varieties to some extent. Mr. V. also called attention to the advantage of growing strawberries in hills, stating that a plant, if kept shorn of its runners, would become very large by side shoots from the crown, and would throw up twenty to thirty fruit stalks, bearing eight or ten good berries each, thus giving a couple of hundred to each plant.

Charles Downing, of Newburgh, being asked to express his opinion on the question, said he regarded Wilson's Albany as the most productive variety, but had a great dislike to its flavor, and would not grow it. Triomphe de Gand was his favorite. Trollope's Victoria was of good quality, but not productive. Hooker does not do well. Scott's Seedling is a fair bearer, but of poor flavor. He was cultivating a new variety from Canada, called Ladies Pine, in flavor like Burr's New Pine, and moderately productive.

Mr. Beadle knew nothing about cultivating for market, and could only give his experience in growing for family use. His preferences were for the Large Early Scarlet, Hovey's Seedling, which does well and gives a few large berries on each truss, the root being of moderate size. Burr's New Pine is the best strawberry and tolerably productive. The rival of it in flavor is Triomphe de Gand. Hooker bears large berries and fine crops, with few small berries on the truss. Some say Hooker is tender. With us in Canada all strawberries are tender. When covered with leaves all are safe. Wilson's was the best for productiveness, but of poor flavor.

Prof. Coppock being inquired of as to the manner and time of planting, said he planted any time when he could obtain good plants and the soil was in order. Take up the plants and clip off two-thirds of the tops and one-third of the roots. Then wet the roots and plant. Immediately after planting throw two or three quarts of tanbark over the plant, burying it. In a little while the plant will appear above the tan, healthy and vigorous. Just before winter, gave a covering of tan, as a winter protection, using about a peck to ten plants. If plants were put out in the autumn, obtained about half a crop the first season.

It is proper to remark in regard to Wilson's Albany, that its character has lately been discussed by the Fruit Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, most of the members of which expressed an unfavorable opinion in regard to its flavor.

INFLUENCE OF SALT UPON THE GROWTH AND HEALTH OF CATTLE.

The practice of salting cattle at regular intervals of, generally, at about once a week, is maintained by all good farmers. When cattle and other farm stock are allowed to partake of salt at pleasure, it is found that in the season of the year when the grass is making its most luxuriant growth, and is the most succulent, the consumption of salt is the greatest. Besides the beneficial effects of salt upon the animal system, its use serves as an important means to call together at stated periods the large herds that are pastured on the prairies and plains. Stock that have been thus treated expect it, and are ready to answer at the first call of the herdsman.

Boussingault made some observations concerning the influence of salt upon the fattening of cattle. His experiments show that salt does not exert that beneficial influence upon the growth of cattle and the production of flesh which is usually attributed to it. His experiments extend over a period of thirteen months, and were made upon a number of steers, some of which had their rations salted, while others had not; in other respects, they were treated in precisely the same manner. The results show that the increase in the proportion of flesh does not pay for the salt employed. It is, however, remarked that a saline diet does exert a beneficial effect on the appearance and condition of the animals, for the steers which were deprived of salt for eleven months, appeared sluggish and of a languid temperament, their coats being rough, devoid of gloss, and partially bare, while those which had been fed with salt were lively, had a fine glossy coat, and were sure to attain a considerably higher price in the market.

From the observation of this distinguished agriculturist and chemist, although it does not appear that there was any actual cash profit in feeding salt to his steers, yet, from the sleek, healthy appearance of those treated to it, it evidently contributes to their health; and we believe that nature not only demands, but requires it.—*Valley Farmer.*

HOW TO GROW PEACHES EVERY YEAR.—The following, by a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, is worth a trial by all peach-growers:—

Procure your trees grafted upon the wild plum stock. The trees partake of the nature of the plum, being hardy, and will never winter kill, and putting out late in the spring, will never be injured by the frost, and it is a certain preventive against the workings of the peach-grub, while the natural lifetime of a tree is beyond that of our own; so you may depend upon peaches every year, and for a long period of time without the destructive and discouraging influences attending the growth of the common peach. They can be obtained for from fifty to seventy-five cents per tree, and you had better pay five times that amount than not obtain them, and be certain of peaches every year. Try it, and our word for it, you will be satisfied with the result.

CULTIVATION OF FISH.—R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, states in the Ohio Farmer, that three years ago he made a pond covering about three-fourths of an acre, and about fifteen feet deep in the greatest depth. He stocked it with yellow bass, Oswego bass, white perch, various kinds of sun fish and minnows, and a dozen gold fish. He says: "They have multiplied by hundreds, and grown in size beyond all my calculations. The gold fish number several hundred, some of them over a foot in length, and a few of them are beautifully marked with silvery sides and red fins, head and tail; others with golden sides and black fins and tail. The other fish have grown so much, that I intend to commence using them for the table in autumn. I have not fed these fish, except for amusement and to tame them, when a few crumbs of bread are thrown in, and the fish called up like chickens."

Useful Receipts.

RHUBARB WINE.—In answer to a request for directions in regard to making rhubarb wine, we give what is said to be the mode practised by B. P. Cahoon, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, whose wine is pronounced by Prof. Horsford, who analysed it, to bear a close resemblance to sherry. Mr. Cahoon's method of making rhubarb wine is to mix equal quantities of water and the juice of the stalks, and to each gallon, add 3½ lbs. of fair quality of New Orleans sugar. Fill the barrels full, and refine with isinglass. Allow it to remain in the barrels till spring and then bottle. By adding or diminishing the quantity of sugar, it will vary the strength of the wine in the same proportion. The pure juice without water makes a very strong wine, by using 4 lbs. of sugar to each gallon.

TURPENTINE FOR SNAKE BITES.—Henry Jennings, Masontown, Pa., knows of the application of turpentine to the bite of the copper-head and rattle-snake having been followed by speedy cures. A lady of his acquaintance, who was bitten by a rattle-snake, was cured by it; as also was a man who had been bitten by a copper-head. The turpentine should be put in a bottle, and the mouth being placed over the spot, the liquid is brought directly in contact with the wound by inverting the bottle, and should be held there until relief is obtained. A complete alleviation of pain has been known to ensue in less than a quarter of an hour.

BEE STINGS.—Three years ago one of my little ones poked his spade into a beehive. You may suppose he was severely stung. I immediately mixed with water some ipecacuanha powder and applied it to the places stung (of course extracting the stings where visible,) and in ten minutes he was playing about and all irritation was gone. The nurse was stung too in several places, and the same remedy was applied with equal success. The Indians use this remedy for the stings of scorpions, and a friend has (since my publication of the cure in the West Sussex Gazette at the period) called my attention to the fact that Dr. Livingstone states in his journal that the African tribes use ipecacuanha for snake bites. I have not the book to refer to, but I think they mix the powder with oil. I have used it also for gnat bites.—*London Field.*

TOMATO CATSUP.—As the time is at hand for enjoying this favorite sauce, the following is a very good receipt for preparing it for future table use:—To a half-bushel of skinned tomatoes, add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound of allspice, six onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine seive or coarse cloth, and bottle it for use. Many persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

☞ One of the census takers in Philadelphia last week, came across an old lady who has twenty-four daughters living, twenty-three of whom are married and have families. She has certainly done her share towards increasing the population of the Quaker City.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN STEVENSON.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 15, 3, 2, 8, was the founder of the Babylonish Empire.
My 2, 14, 1, 8, is Latin for city.
My 3, 10, 11, 6, 13, 16, was the mother of Apollo and Diana.
My 4, 15, 17, 16, was the wife of Tyndorus, King of Sparta.
My 5, 17, 10, was a mountain near Troy.
My 6, 8, 8, 10, is a high mountain in Thessaly.
My 7, 16, 1, 12, 8, was a tyrant of Lacedæmon.
My 8, 10, 11, 2, 14, 7, 2, 8, was the father of Jupiter.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 2, 8, was ancient King of the Laurentes, a people of Italy.
My 10, 14, 2, 7, 8, was the eldest son of Tarquin the proud.
My 11, 10, 14, 11, 10, 14, 2, 8, is a name for infernal regions.
My 12, 8, 8, 2, 8, is a maritime city in Cilicia.
My 13, 12, 10, 1, 18, was the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes.
My 14, 2, 11, 12, 9, 15, 2, 8, was a Roman Consul.
My 15, 13, 7, 12, 2, 8, was an ancient Roman poet.
My 16, 13, 5, 10, is a branch of the Tiber, which enters it three miles from Rome.
My 17, 16, 13, 10, 2, 8, was an ancient King of Argos.
My 18, 13, 13, 10, was a town of Sicily.
My 19, 2, 9, 9, 12, 10, 13, 2, 8, was a Roman General who commanded the cavalry in the war with the Samnites.

My whole is a book much used in institutions of learning.

Decatur, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 14, 35, 24, 4, is a beverage.
My 27, 30, 7, 19, 36, 18, is one of the books of the Bible.
My 40, 3, 15, 5, 9, is seen in the country.
My 17, 12, 2, 3, 4, is used in time of war.
My 6, 24, 3, 8, is a girl's name.
My 39, 38, 16, 35, is a number.
My 34, 32, 33, 5, 11, 22, 3, 38, is one of the United States.
My 1, 13, 30, 31, 27, 37, 40, 26, 28, 29, is a city in the United States.
My 18, 32, 16, 20, 35, 3, is one of the seasons.
My 25, 24, 23, is a domestic animal.
My 21, 35, 37, is a boy's nickname.

My whole is one of Poor Richard's sayings.

FRANK FANE.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Whose flocks by artful schemes were much decreased?
Who plead that Pekah's prisoners be released?
What Queen the royal mandate disobeyed?
Whose servant lied, his master to evade?
What city proudly rose in desert plain?
Where was King Hadadezer's General slain?
Who is the first of prophets on record?
Where was St. Paul reputed as a God?
Who saved from death the prophets of the Lord?
Who to the spies a shelter did afford?
What servant was defeated before the Lord?

If these you find, the initials will agree,
To form a sound advice for you and me.

LAVINIA.

RIDDLE.

Without me day would be as night,
And night be equal to the day.
From right to left, or left to right,
I read the same in either way.

MENTAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man leaves his executors $6,000, to be divided equally between his wife, brother, sister, nephew and niece, each to have a sum more than $1,200. What is the relationship and the exact sum left for each?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GONDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The shortest side of a scalene triangle measures 175 perches in length; the next longest side measures 203 perches in length; and the largest square that can be inscribed in it, standing on the third side measures 90 perches on every side. Required, the remaining side of the triangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a man shaved by proxy? Ans.—When his wife goes shopping in his absence.

☞ Why is a man who dyes his wig like a miser who bequeathed his fortune to his relatives? Ans.—Because he dyes (dies) for the benefit of his hairs (heirs).

☞ What perfume is most injurious to female beauty? Ans.—The essence of thyme (time).

☞ Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep? Ans.—Because there are more of them.

☞ What relation is your uncle's brother to you if he is not your uncle? Ans.—Your father.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"A rolling stone gathers no moss." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Tycho Brahe, Denmark. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Nonpareil. CHARADE—History (hist! O! rye!) CHARADE—Primrose. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—22 inches.

THE EFFECTS OF A DINNER PARTY.—Butler.—How's the mistress this morning, Mary?

Mary—She'll breakfast in her room. She's down with a headache.

Butler—Oh, begorra! I knew that 'ud be the way of it! We'd company to dinner yesterday, an' the pyramid wasn't straight in the cinthre of the table.

☞ Said a conceited young lady, "You men are a covet-us-set."